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Wise man. Wise man. Always go for the best. I won't tell you who made these boots for me, or this coat . . . might sound like advertising. But this I will say, and I don't care who hears me: There's no other vermouth in the Martini class! Autographed: "A. E. Matthews"! . . .



Better drink

MARTINI

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Rod McManigal at Oxford.
It is his sixth university

AT the age of thirty-four Rod McManigal has at last decided on his future career. He agrees that it's high time, but it has taken six universities and many jobs to make up his mind which of his abilities can best keep him. After a concentrated stretch at his typewriter which resulted in "The Bonus Man" (page 12), he decided on writing. "My ambition now is to write well and live well," he says.

McManigal is an American at Oxford. Cricket, of course, baffles him; otherwise he has settled down well. He is studying the nineteenth-century American novel for his Bachelor of Letters degree, but he is best known at the university for his theatrical work.

He enjoys acting, finding it "fairly easy," and gets enthusiastic reviews. He has also directed plays, tried his hand at playwriting, and has designed sets.

At one time he ran his own dance band, and he has also been a teacher of English (with the rank of sergeant) in the United States Marine Corps. He has been self-supporting since he was sixteen, apart from a little financial help from his family in Columbus, Ohio, and the jobs he has done have included bank clerk, dishwasher, boilerman and New York dancing instructor—"but I hated that job."

Of the six universities he has been to—the others were in France, America and Hawaii—McManigal says that Oxford is the most stimulating. "The great thing is that I am accepted for what I do, and not judged by my accent. When I was at the Sorbonne in Paris it was considered *très chic* to talk American. But it's not fashionable at Oxford."

PET foods are big business in Britain, but not on the Continent, says Belgian-born René Lecler, who wrote "Money In The Kitty" (page 22). Continental people have a different attitude towards their pets. "They feed them and the children play with them, but there is not the close intimacy between owner and pet which is found in Britain."

Now a naturalized Briton, Lecler was born in Antwerp thirty-six years ago. He was educated in France, was a journalist in Algiers, and then served in three armies—the French, the British after the fall of France, and the Belgian. "I was still of Belgian nationality, and the Belgian Government-in-exile called me up." After the war he settled in Britain, and now lives in a London flat with his wife and their three-year-old son, Gerard.

Lecler was not brave enough to taste pet food while doing the research for his article, but he saw others trying it. As a lover of good food ("I'm as fussy as any animal: just ask my English wife") he says that of the armies he served in the British provided the best food. "It was colourless, but best in quality. The French served beans six days a week; the only consolation was the daily wine issue."

DYNAMIC!



REGENT T.T.

AND

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T.M.22



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Until a few years ago, Mr. Griffith's sheep-dog was a working dog. "I've always fed him on Lassie," says Mr. Griffith. "It keeps him wonderfully fit." Lassie is rich in red meat and liver and it's ready to serve straight from the tin. Buy Lassie for your dog today.

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Free Speech

- Should a child be a bottle of medicine?
- Protection for horses in towns
- Fortunes from the waste of war

CHILD adoption authorities should consider the welfare of the child—and nothing else. Yet I have come across cases in various parts of England where young children have been adopted, with official approval, by completely unsuitable couples.

In one case, a baby was adopted by a couple whose marriage was almost breaking up. The local vicar, who was asked by the officials for his opinion, was enthusiastically in favour of adoption—because he believed it might save the marriage. In another case, a highly neurotic woman was allowed to adopt a baby; the officials accepted the advice of the woman's doctor, who said it would be the best possible thing for her.

When will adoption authorities realize that a child is not a bottle of medicine to be prescribed for ailing couples?—H. D. B., London, W.1.

Budgerigars' Fate

Judging from the "Lost and Found" column of my local newspaper, about four budgerigars a day are lost here—a frightening figure.

I often wonder what happens to these unfortunate birds. Is it possible that many of them survive and adapt themselves to their new surroundings?—M. M. D., Bangor, Co. Down, Northern Ireland.

"Budgerigars, because they are used to having food provided for them in captivity, would find it difficult fending for themselves," says an ornithologist. "Some of those which escape might survive the summer, but not the winter and the snow. Most lost budgerigars probably fall victim to cats, but they are prey also to hawks and owls."

Last Look

A neighbour of mine retired from his office recently on reaching the age of sixty-five. The next morning, I was surprised to meet him at his usual time hurrying along towards his office.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "I'm going right up to the entrance. Then, after I've had a good look at it and watched everyone scrambling in. I'm going to light my pipe and go away to do exactly as I please all day. I've been wanting to do that for years."—R. B., Birkenhead.

Safety Date

If canned food manufacturers won't stamp tins with the date of issue because of the varying "shelf life" of different products ("Free Speech," June 16), then they should adopt the method used by photographic film manufacturers. Each packet of film is clearly marked "Film must be developed by not later than . . .", giving the appropriate date.

Tins of food could be stamped in the same way, so that customers would not be fobbed off with stale food.—Miss M. GORDON-JONES, Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Contented Village

While on holiday in Cornwall recently, I came across a beautiful and upspoiled village called Sennen. I was amazed to learn that there is no main water supply there to this day.

Two local boys, I was told, leave school early each day to draw water from the village well. Two huge metal

tubs are filled, strapped to the backs of two horses kept for the purpose, and taken to the houses of villagers who, through illness or old age, cannot fetch their own water. One elderly inhabitant told me: "We don't care much for the 'necessities' of modern living—we're content with things the way they are."

It made me think that contentment, after all, may be the secret of true happiness.—R. J. SCULL, Park Place, Upper Eastville, Bristol, 5.

Higher Chairs

Café and restaurant proprietors could help parents a great deal if they provided a few high chairs for customers with toddlers and babies.

Small children usually have to sit on chairs which are far too low for them to reach the table comfortably, and I have frequently gone home without a meal rather than be embarrassed by trying to feed my two young ones in this difficult position.—MRS. ANN EVANS, Penycu, Swansea, Glamorgan.

Out Of Harness?

It is time legislation was introduced to ban the use of horses for haulage work in busy towns and cities. The amount of traffic in our major towns has increased tremendously in the past ten years, and the noise and congestion must cause the animals considerable suffering. We English have a reputation for being kind to animals. Let's live up to it.—RAYMOND PARSONS, Leigh Park, Havant, Hampshire.

"Mechanization is overtaking horse transport so rapidly that such legislation would soon be unnecessary," says the International League for the Protection of Horses. "Horses now reaching retiring age are not being replaced, and it looks as though they will be entirely superseded by motor transport within the next few years."

Twilight Hues

The other evening, as it approached dusk, I was walking along an attractive local road, admiring the garden flowers in full bloom. My companion suddenly remarked on the strange richness of the whole scene. Somehow the fading sunlight was throwing up the colours of everything far more strongly than if it had been broad daylight.—I. N., Northamptonshire.

"Light from the setting sun contains more red than daylight, due to its being refracted in the upper atmosphere," says a scientist. "The red light would emphasize the red colours in things and slightly change others. Green objects might take on a deeper hue."

"In the same way, other colour effects are produced by the bluish-green of the mercury street lamp and the yellow of the sodium lamp."

Weston's Gold Rush

Weston-super-Mare was not only used by the Wheezers and Dodgers ("Wizards At War," JOHN BULL, June 23). The R.A.F. used nearby

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

If you can brush after meals, that's best—if not, here's

NEWS! A toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal-



Tea Break,
London Transport Canteen,
Stockwell Garage

JUST ONE BRUSHING removes most bacteria—major cause of decay and mouth odour

Can't brush after every meal? Then new Gleem toothpaste is specially made for busy people like you. Just one brushing with Gleem removes most bacteria — major cause of tooth decay and mouth odour. That's because Gleem has the exclusive ingredient GL-70*, an important new decay-fighter. Gleem with GL-70 gets at the cause of decay.

Mouth fresher. Brushing with Gleem combats unpleasant mouth odours, makes the mouth feel fresh, clean, and healthy. A Gleem brushing is the perfect start to every day.

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* GL-70 is a blend of anionic sulphates exclusive to Gleem. Active ingredient: 0.37% Sodium Lauryl Sulphate and 0.75% Sodium Monoglyceride Lauryl Sulphate.



HERE'S THE PROOF

Photomicrographs show mouth bacteria enlarged 1,000 times.



Germs breeding on tooth surfaces are a chief cause of decay and mouth odour.



After one GLEEM brushing. See how the action of GL-70 has removed nearly all the germs.

A HEDLEY PRODUCT

In two big-value sizes: medium 1/10d large 2/7d

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from pain"

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new tablet treatment

Hemotabs brought this woman "almost immediate ease" from the pain of hæmorrhoids. She now writes: "I have suffered periodically... with hæmorrhoids... It was, therefore, with a very doubting heart that I bought a packet of Hemotabs... I cannot hope to describe the almost immediate ease and freedom from pain" (Mrs) F. E. W. London, E.7.

Hemotabs are an entirely new treatment for the relief of hæmorrhoids. You swallow these tablets with a glass of water—like an aspirin. They are clean and simple to take, no other treatment is required. Acting inside the body, Hemotabs reduce the swellings, help restore normal actions and promote healing. Write for free descriptive leaflet to: Dept. J.B.4, E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., P.O. Box 407 Manchester. Hemotabs are available from all chemists at 2/7d. a packet.

HEMOTABS

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Sand Bay Point for target practice—with an interesting sequel.

In the autumn and winter of 1951-52, the high and violent tides washed up, in Sand Bay, millions of brass cartridges and bomb cases, causing what became the Weston-super-Mare "gold rush." Hundreds of people swarmed to the spot at low tide to search for the brass, which at the time fetched a high price on the scrap-metal market. The early finders were said to be making up to £1,000 from the salvage. But later seekers only got covered with mud for their pains.—A. W. RUTT, Birchfield Road, Coventry.

Tower Trainees

While showing an overseas visitor around the Tower of London recently, I was amazed to see a squad of National Service men drilling there. They were so raw that one turned



in the wrong direction. Several American Servicemen were taking photographs of them.

Surely this is bad for Britain's prestige, and humiliating for the young soldiers. They should be taught in private.—D. JEANS, Clapham, London, S.W.4.

"The Tower of London is the depot of the Royal Fusiliers, who are entitled to train their National Service men there," says the War Office. "The Tower, after all, was built, not for decoration but for military purposes, and training soldiers there is probably the last surviving vestige of its real function."

No Sale

A friend has had a one-man wholesale business in jewellery and fancy goods for many years. Recently, wanting to sell the business and retire, he was refused permission to transfer the purchase tax registration to someone who wanted to buy the business. He was told that no more registrations were being granted, or transfers permitted.

To a small business man finding himself in the unenviable position of having a business he is unable to sell, solely due to its absorption into the machinery of purchase tax, this is completely unfair.—H. H., Leicester.

"Since 1944, it has been the practice that, when a wholesaler went out of business, his successor would not be registered for purchase tax," says the Customs and Excise. "It was felt that there would be no hardship

as the successor could buy his goods tax paid instead of charging the tax to retail customers and paying it to us. But it saved money in administering purchase tax.

"Recently, the system has been relaxed in practice. Cases are being considered on their merits by local Customs and Excise offices, but appeals can be made to the head office."

Hard School

Young professional men, especially those with families, who feel like taking a job abroad should learn from my nephew's experience.

Attracted mainly by the large salary—he visualized saving a lot of money in three or four years—he went to work as a schoolmaster in a small British colony. But instead of being able to save, he found he was faced with expenses he never dreamed of. He had to live up to a standard befitting his profession—which entailed giving various kinds of parties—or be snubbed by his colleagues. And his wife had to have help in the home, something she never needed before.

The hoped-for nest egg never materialized, and when his tour of duty is over he will probably return no better off than if he had stayed in Britain.—MRS. K. WHITELEY, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Another Offender

I thought the lawbreaker in the public house scene ("Spot The Lawbreaker," JOHN BULL, June 2) was the man behind the bar, who was smoking while serving drink. Wouldn't this be an offence, besides the playing of dominoes for money?—STEVIE LERNON, Lisburn, Northern Ireland.

It would. The Ministry of Health's Food Hygiene Regulations which came into force on January 1, state that those handling food (which includes drink), "shall, while so engaged, refrain from the use of tobacco."

Saturday Scholars

My son, who is at a grammar school, has compulsory games on one half-day in the week, but he has to attend school on Saturday mornings. I think it is time grammar schools came up to date and had a five-day week. Most fathers now have Saturdays off, and if children were also free, whole families could spend weekends by the sea.

Hours of homework should also be revised, for at present many boys and girls are working from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., with only breaks for meals.

There would be a riot if these conditions were imposed in a factory.—MRS. V. L., Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

RAIN or shine, someone's going to be unhappy. For weather is a personal thing. Monsoons and droughts may come and go, but it's only flower gardens, washing lines—and stretches of beach—that matter. And a maxim of weather lore that makes one of summer's wry pleasures is that there must be someone to blame. Well, Showell's cover wife has found her scapegoat. It's as if his watering can was an Aladdin's lamp in the pay of St. Swithin. But why can't that genie, or some bright scientist, make night-fall the time to turn on rain?





**CHOCOLATE
STRAWBERRY CUP**

*Strawberry jam and cream
encased in milk chocolate.*

DESSERT TOFFEE

*Delicious, smooth toffee,
as only Mackintosh's
can make it.*

CHOCOLATE COCONUT ECLAIR

*Crisp fresh coconut and soft
rich toffee covered in delicious
milk chocolate.*

I do like to be beside...

18 delightfully different
toffees and chocolates in

**Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'**
REGD



the things they say!



That's a natty suit you're wearing!

Glad you like it.

One of these new synthetics, I suppose?

Yes, it's one of the latest — 'Terylene'.



Hmm. I suppose in a couple of years we'll all be dressed in synthetics from head to toe?

Not quite. You can see from the papers that we're making more and more of these synthetic fibres, but I know enough to tell you that they're never likely to oust fibres such as cotton or wool as our main textile materials.

Why is that? The old story of Britain again lagging behind in production?

No, we're expanding the output of synthetic fibres at a great pace. But you've got to keep a sense of proportion — this country is consuming about 750 million pounds of cotton alone every year.



Still, in time, when all the new synthetic fibre plants are completed . . .?

No, not even then. The natural fibres are generally cheaper. You see, synthetics are made from expensive raw materials, in special plants that cost a lot of money to build.

Then why use the synthetics at all?

Because they possess qualities that are unique, and with some of them our textile industry has been able to create fabrics that have many attractive features, like easy washing, quick drying, and quite remarkable resistance to creasing.



Thousands of boys and girls start their first jobs next month. What prospects lie ahead of them? New training schemes are offering . . .

OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED

by HARRY HOPKINS



Time to leave school for the day. Later this month, many of these boys will be leaving for good

PLEASE, sir, is butchering a promising trade?" A boy with a Tony Curtis haircut and a look of intense seriousness on his face scrambled to his feet at the back of the class. Another hand went up. "Sir, is it true, if you're a telegraph boy, that you have to go to school?"

In six months' time the classroom-full of boys would be leaving school and the young man who stood before them, Brian Watson, an assistant youth employment officer, had just delivered the usual forty-minute introductory talk on the new world of opportunities that lay ahead.

On an easel between the growing plants on the windowsill and the epidiascope stood a large coloured sketch—one of a series used in the talk. It depicted a towering smokestack with a man dithering in terror on the top. Underneath were the words "NATURAL APTITUDE."

The boys eyed it solemnly as they turned the pages of a duplicated booklet, *Choosing A Job*, and listened to Watson carefully explaining how a butcher's boy might rise to be a meat cutter making £15 a week, and how a telegraph boy, now known as a "junior postman," had to go to school one day a week and, if he worked, had quite a prospect before him.

The scene was the Isledon secondary modern school in the busy, crowded North London borough of Islington—but it might well have been any school in Britain where this year over 600,000



Choice of career? The youth employment officer, Leonard Archer, advises



Archer and his assistant, Dorothy Hemsley, are shown the work of school leavers by a headmaster

school boys and girls are leaving to take up their first jobs.

On the wisdom of the choices they then make may well depend not only their whole development and happiness as individuals, but also the future of this nation. For in this small, crowded island our greatest natural resource lies in the skills of our craftsmen and the genius of our technologists. More than ever in these days in which we are moving into a second industrial revolution, our survival as a leading nation with a high standard of living depends on our making sure that every ounce of ability is discovered, nourished and brought to bear.

Are we doing that?

A main point of departure for any such inquiry must be the critical rôle of the youth employment service which, working under local education authorities, now forms a close network over the whole country. At least, the old rule of "Sink or swim!" has gone for good. Intensively surveying the industrial opportunities of their areas, the youth employment officers move constantly between the schools and the workshops, bringing ability and opportunity together, fitting square pegs into square holes, seeking round holes for round pegs.

In Isledon school, a typical old London "School Board" three-decker of formidable solidity, the local youth employment service was that morning at work in full force. While in one classroom Brian Watson was underlining the importance of apprenticeship and answering the boys' questions with an expert's grasp of detail, along the corridor his colleague, Dorothy Hemsley, a trim figure in a little spring hat, was talking to a classroom full of girls.

"In some ways," she was saying, "choosing a job is a bit like choosing a dress. You just don't rush to take the first one you see. You shop around. You don't consider price alone: oh, no, you look at the cut, the materials, the quality. You ask yourself whether it will wear

well. And you know that however beautiful the dress may be, it won't be any good if it just doesn't happen to suit you. . . ."

After that came a film show, with a film-strip made up to show girls at work in various jobs. As each picture came on, Miss Hemsley filled in the detail with her own up-to-date comments.

A picture of a dressmaker arranging a dress on a dummy built up to the customer's measurements—and Miss Hemsley was talking about the mysteries of "cutting for drape" and the different types of dressmaking work open to the girls. But for this sort of work, she added, you must have dry clean hands so that you can go on sewing for hours. Hands that got sticky wouldn't do at all.

Several girls examined their hands anxiously.

Another picture leaped on to the screen. "Yes—a florist's. A lovely job if you're fond of flowers and colours. But flowers are delicate things, so behind every florist's shop there's a cold, damp room. You'll have to work there—and when you make up wreaths every flower has to be wired on to a base, so you'll find your hands get pretty rough. But, of course, if you're really fond of flowers, you'll not mind. There's no apprenticeship, but they usually take you as a 'learner' for three years."

THIS sort of realism is essential to the youth employment service's approach, and is particularly valuable in dealing with girls who sometimes yearn vaguely for "glamour jobs" (about which they generally know nothing) like air hostesses, models, and—since TV—kennel-maids and stable-girls.

To a girl who was clearly fascinated by the "select" sound of the word "receptionist" Dorothy Hemsley pointed out, tactfully, that a shop assistant was really a sort of receptionist, with the difference that she had a wider scope, and in a big store with a good training scheme

prospects of advancement that were, in fact, infinitely brighter.

Such flights of fancy aside, girls—in London secondary modern schools at least—tend to be unambitious and well content to settle for work in a limited number of fields, such as shops, garment-making, or millinery, factory assembly lines, or in offices.

Their approach, it is found, is strikingly different from that of the boys. They are concerned almost wholly with immediate pay and conditions; hardly at all with prospects. The prospect that really does concern them is something quite different.

"Don't say, 'Oh, I'm going to get married, so it doesn't matter!'" warned Miss Hemsley. "You know, it'll be a few years yet and you'll be at work seven hours a day at least—that's a long time, so you might as well be doing something you really like. Anyway, these days lots of women go on working even after they're married, so it's definitely a good idea to learn something."

But pink clouds of romance, coming rapidly over the horizon, often envelop such wise words. Young people are marrying earlier, and in London these days youth employment officers find that a girl of sixteen who hasn't achieved a "steady" is beginning to get worried.

While his colleagues were occupied giving the standard introductory talk to the boys and girls leaving in six months' time, the youth employment officer for Islington, Leonard Archer, was working through the interviews of those leaving at that term's end. These interviews, which are strictly private, are four-cornered affairs—the boy or girl, a responsible teacher, the parents (if they respond to the invitation) and the youth employment officer in the chair.

One of the boys was very good at woodwork, so Archer had suggested shopfitting, where there is a good apprenticeship scheme; now he would have to see if he could "get him in." Two boys

were keen to join the merchant navy, which has excellent training courses at Gravesend and Sharpness. Another boy wanted to go into aircraft engineering; not so easy without the General Certificate of Education, which secondary modern schools rarely take. But, since the lad was highly recommended by his headmaster, Archer was going to see what could be done.

Sometimes at these interviews a hobby is a useful pointer. One boy who made superb, highly detailed models of ships is now happily engaged in a watchmaking firm. An enthusiastic amateur entomologist is doing well in a hospital's laboratory.

The boy who spent all his holidays on "digs" of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society and wanted "something connected with archaeology" presented a bit of a problem. But he was finally found a post in an antiquarian bookseller's, handily near the British Museum. A girl, whose mother said she had a tortoise and several cats and birds in the house, asked for work "with animals or children." The youth employment officer was going to try the L.C.C. day nurseries for a start.

On this occasion, thirty-three children were up for interview, and ten parents turned up: rather fewer than usual. Most often it is mother who arrives. The high pay—£9 or £10 a week with overtime—offered in many "dead-end" labouring jobs is a temptation to families who may have large hire-purchase commitments. But these days it is being increasingly resisted in favour of "learning a trade"—for most parents, says Archer, are anxious that their children

should enjoy a better position in life than they themselves had.

At the same time, the old insistence on the "respectable" white-collar job has disappeared. In 1956 it is engineering apprenticeships in first-class concerns that are the most coveted positions—and there are not enough of them to go round.

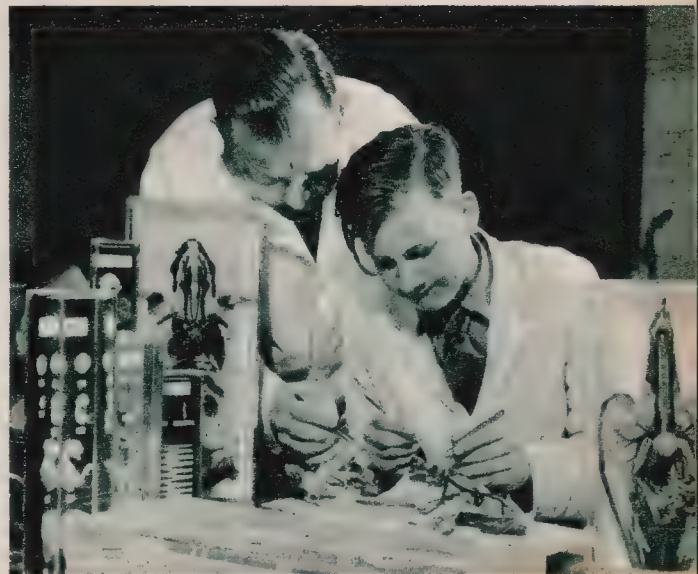
Parents are generally co-operative, although occasionally there may be difficulty with the "bossy mother" who is determined to impose her will on her offspring.

If the boy and his parents disagree, Archer's advice is generally that the boy should be allowed to have his way. If his choice doesn't turn out all he expected, Archer tells parents the boy may listen to them. But if anything goes wrong with the career they picked for him, he may hold it against them the rest of his life.

By the time the last term comes round, the children who have not formed an idea of what they want to do are rare indeed. A great change, says Archer, from the days when he began work as a youth employment officer thirty-two years ago—and in part the result of the youth employment service's missionary activities and a new approach to the subject.

In prewar days, school was school and work was work—and the two worlds were kept strictly apart. The business of finding a job was left almost till the very last day.

Now, with the youth employment service symbolically shifted from the Ministry of Labour to the local educational authorities, the motto is



On a farm in Sussex the Y.M.C.A. runs a training scheme for prospective farmers. A boy in London is taught the trade he has chosen—making skeletons for doctors



Islington children see what local factories look like. Dorothy Hemsley conducts girls round the workshop of a badge manufacturer



A London gown-making concern provides girls joining its factory straight from school with a three-months' course of training

the integration of life and school. At the Archway School in Islington, for instance, the headmaster, William Walton, told me of his conviction that the education the school provides is more effective if the boys are conscious of some purpose behind it.

Small groups of children pay visits to works in the area . . . to Negretti and Zambra, instrument-makers, to Fords at Dagenham, to foundries and the Post Office, the Co-op, an art studio. . . . During the final year, the boys spend an hour and a half each week studying the industries that interest them. They see industrial films; business men come in from the outside to give talks; the boys write mock letters applying for jobs, and so on. Each boy keeps a "project book" which he fills with his discoveries about his adopted craft or industry.

There was, for instance, Fred, who abandoned the crowded streets of Islington to become a farmer in Wiltshire. Fred's interest in agriculture was born, somewhat unromantically, when he used to go round helping to collect pig swill for a pig-farmer at Barnet.

The piggeries fascinated him. His "project book" on agriculture began to fill up with notes and drawings. "A typical pork pig" . . . a plan of a model piggery . . . then, expanding, a dissertation on types of soil and soil chemistry; neat sketches of sugar beet, healthy and diseased; a few paragraphs about cereal crops.

By the time leaving day came Fred was full of both agricultural lore and enthusiasm. Through the youth employment service, which had had ample notice of his need, he was speedily fixed up at one of the Y.M.C.A.'s farm training hostels in the country. Ten weeks later he got a job on one of the Y.M.C.A.'s list of approved farms.

"Now," said Mr. Walton, turning over the

Continued on page 46

JOHNN STAGG wore a heavy foot; that was what the mechanics said at the Rascco garage. Stagg was the top traveller for Reliance Agricultural Seed and Chemical, had been so now for three years running. For three years he had picked off the company's premium bonus with his record of sales. And the mechanics shook their heads when his car pulled into the garage at the end of a run.

Every year the company replaced the cars of its road representatives and every year it was John Stagg's car which limped most sadly from its final run, and which received the lowest evaluation on resale. There was no doubt about it, Stagg wore a heavy foot. He'd been a flyer in the war, so it was said, and the general opinion was he'd just got used to speed. As he said himself, "You don't make sales standing still."

Today Stagg was bearing down on his accelerator as hard as ever, on his run from Oxfordshire into Berkshire. He had to keep moving. At the last wholesaler he had visited, only this afternoon, he had found Jim Stratton, an old rival from another firm, sitting in the outer office ahead of him. It would never do. The company bonus was a deliciously dangling two weeks' package, all expenses paid, to the Italian Riviera, and Stagg meant to wrap it up on this circuit.

Suddenly Stagg had to brake hard. Through the early dusk he saw a barricade on the road ahead, and a workman was flagging him down. Confound the nuisance! Another slow-down! Then he saw the sign, in large letters: *New Brickford By-Pass Under Construction. Road Temporarily Closed.*

The workman signalled Stagg to follow the turning. Stagg nodded and turned off the highway. The quiet side-road ran up and away from the murk and pall of the city into the clear dusk of early evening.

It was dark under the trees, which stood in black silhouette, and Stagg switched on his headlights. He drove the little car along the winding road, and felt an odd, unfamiliar quiet to be falling over him. Almost like the dusk itself, so quiet. Stagg felt his own taut springs to be unwinding as the car rounded the gentle bends in the road, the soft inclines and hollows.

It seemed somehow of vastly shrunken importance that he get on to the next market town before nightfall. He lowered his window and heard, above the engine, a lone bird's call. Nesting down. The thought surprised him: he hadn't thought about birds in years.

The hedgerows dropped away and the road carried him through a little hamlet. Just beyond, it rose again. The car slowed on the rise; Stagg could smell wood smoke on the breeze.

Then his headlights picked out a sign: *Fircrest*. And, just below it, another notice, in fresh paint: *Bed and Breakfast.*

Why not? he wondered. It would be a change. He braked and pointed his little car up the gravelled avenue.

He drove up before a large old house with great chimneys cleaving the air. There were no lights about the place. He got out of the car, mounted the steps and knocked at the door. He heard the barking of a dog and suddenly two great joyful collies leaped into view from around the side of the house.

"Don't worry. They're gentle as lambs." It was a female voice, quiet and warm, behind him.

Stagg wheeled. The woman laughed. "And I won't bite, either," she said.

She was neat and small in her suède jacket and tweed skirt and walking shoes. Neat, yet her dark hair was blown by the light breeze, and her warm face was soft, trustful, free from strain.

"The reason I came . . . I wondered . . . I saw your sign. . . ."

His awkwardness before her, what was it? Did she make him shy? Stagg, who knew his way



with people—knew his way and got it, with men and women—Stagg, shy?

"Oh, the sign!" she laughed. "What do you think of it? It's just a new idea." Then, strangely, it was she who seemed to become awkward. "You want . . . I mean, I really don't know awfully well where to begin. I mean, you're the first."

"The first?"

"My first—guest," she said.

In the half-dark, Stagg had a sudden apprehension that the sweet, soft face before him was blushing. He wanted to help. "I'll just get my things," he blurted.

She mounted the steps, the collies at her heels, opened the door and switched on a light in the entrance-way. Stagg followed, with his brief-case and bag, and entered the door she held open. He saw across the large room an open hearth with cord-wood burning. That's where his wood smoke had come from.

"Won't you come in?" she said. She turned on a lamp by a large wing chair. "Or perhaps you'd rather. . . . Of course, you'll want to see your room."

She led the way up the heavy, carved stairway and down a corridor. She mounted two steps and opened a door. "I'm afraid it's quite dark out now, from this side, but you get the morning sun. And the view through the trees and down the hill past the village is quite lovely." She drew the curtains as she spoke. "I hope it's all right," she said.

Stagg looked about him. Indeed it was all right. The large four-poster bed sat high and important in the room. And the furniture was solid, with an easy chair, upholstered and full of cushions, before the grate.

He put down his bag and brief-case. "It's fine," he said.

"You'll have a bit of a walk, I'm afraid, to the bath. You know how these old houses are. It's back the way we came, and down three steps, at the very end. There's plenty of hot water."

She seemed to run out of words and yet to have something more to say.

"Would you—like me to pay you now?" he chanced. "I mean—"

"Goodness no!" She looked quite startled. "I hadn't even thought of the money. Oh dear!" She laughed softly. "No. I was just thinking it would be nicer if we knew each other's name. I'm Mrs. Jethroe."

"I'm very sorry. My name is Stagg. John Stagg."

When she was gone and the door shut quietly behind her, Stagg still felt that her final smile lingered in the room. Warm and remote at the

same time, as though she were on the far side of a bridge she didn't know how to cross. Was it she? Or was it he only, who felt strange and unfamiliar? Big, ham-fisted John Stagg. He felt as though he'd been treading on egg shells for the past five minutes.

When he went downstairs, refreshed with a wash and carrying his hat, Mrs. Jethroe was sitting reading by the fire, the dogs stretched out at her feet. She put down her book as he entered the room. "Is everything all right?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's just . . . I mean, I was wondering . . . is there a pub or something down at the village . . . I mean, just for a bite of supper."

SHE was looking up at him. "But I was wondering if you would care to stop here for supper? There's plenty, and I would enjoy it very much—if you would care to stay." She hesitated. "I do love to cook and there isn't much occasion now that I'm alone."

Mercifully Stagg found his tongue. "I'd be very pleased indeed. You're very kind."

"Good. Then that's settled." She stood up, smiling. "I'll get it. If you'd like to read, or try the wireless—I hope you'll feel at home."

It was really quite wonderful the way she always seemed to leave a room tingling behind her. Stagg was beginning to feel at ease. He sat before the fire and picked up a magazine. But the head of a collie found its way into his lap, and the fire sent out dancing light. And it seemed but a moment until he was being called by a gentle voice to come to the table.

"I wonder if I fell asleep," he said, laughing. "Matter of fact, I wonder if I'm dreaming at the moment. This is all so much nicer than anyone could have expected."

The polished table was set with place mats, and candles lighted the wooden panelling of the old room. The centrepiece of spring flowers nestled softly in the candlelight.

Hot soup gave way to sliced tongue and vegetables and salad. She spoke quietly about herself and her home.

"The farm has become quite a problem. Since my husband died I've had to let off three sections. It's such a shame to see the land lying idle. But I've held on to one section and the orchard."

"And the two riding horses my husband bought us, two years ago, just before he died, well I don't seem to be able to part with them. I know it's not fair to the horses not to give them their exercise, but I do love them so. We go for a run almost every day, and the dogs

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*What a prize! And John Stagg
thought it was as good as
his. . . . He could afford to
waste just one night*

by ROD McMANIGAL

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

With a sudden rush of
gallantry Stagg stood
up. "Madam," he said
to Mrs. Jethroe, "may
I have the pleasure?"





Cecil Robertson, a London cab-driver, answers a control-room call

Taxi on the air

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Radio-control brings new work for cab-drivers—from delivering midnight sandwiches to shadowing crooks

IN the control-room of a London radio-taxi circuit shortly after midnight a few months ago, the night supervisor, Bill Browne, spotted the red light of an incoming call winking above the range of telephones and picked up the receiver.

Over the line came the excited voice of a driver reporting the theft of his cab from outside an all-night café in King's Cross.

Browne, a phlegmatic Londoner of thirty-five, calmly sorted the details of registration number, location and the cab's call sign from the jumble of words and moved over to the transmitting microphone.

"Assistance, assistance!" he called, alerting all the vehicles on the circuit. He then broadcast the information and ordered an immediate search for the stolen cab. Simultaneously one of his staff repeated the message to Scotland Yard.

Within minutes the temporary radio silence was broken by the voice of a driver. "It's him," the receiving loudspeaker crackled. "I'm on his tail."

For the next five minutes the driver relayed the course of a winding pursuit through the back streets of North London, and Browne passed the directions over the air to the police and to his own cabs.

Presently a second taxi reported a sighting, then another and another until six cabs were converging on the stolen vehicle. They tailed the runaway remorselessly until a police car, acting on Browne's detailed instructions, approached from the opposite direction and swung across its bows. Five miles from the start of the chase and helped by the crowd of angry cabbies the police arrested the three men inside the stolen taxi.

Browne is one of three supervisors who, working in shifts with a staff of telephonists and "dispatchers," operate the round-the-clock service of RadioCabs (London). The firm, with

Into the control-room come many strange requests. One taxi was used to deliver a forgotten pair of trousers

five hundred radio-equipped vehicles on call, claims to be the largest of its kind in Europe. Each day it handles between two and three thousand jobs over a radius of more than seven hundred square miles.

From his control-room in the centre of London, Browne has a finger on almost every one of the city's streets, and each night he is presented with a kaleidoscopic picture of its activities, ranging from crime to birth and death. Recently he took a call from an expectant mother asking for a taxi to take her to a maternity hospital. While she was still on the phone she began to have the child. Browne cancelled the cab and phoned for an ambulance instead.

The object of radio taxis—there are now nearly a thousand in London owned by four main firms—was originally to provide a swifter service to the public and cut down the taxi-men's hazards of aimless cruising and waiting on ranks for fares. Browne was once able to have a cab at the door before the caller had replaced his phone—it was setting down only three doors away. Prompt warnings of hold-ups, diversions, traffic jams and alterations to regular routes have speeded up the whole business of navigating through London's streets for radio cabmen. As the number of radio taxis has increased, however, their scope has grown ever greater.

One of the biggest assets, from the drivers' point of view, lies in the protection which radio affords against troublesome fares. One driver who was attacked by two men he had been carrying in an outer suburb sent an immediate

S O S and within three minutes had several cabs and a police car on the spot.

Another, carrying four American Service men from London to their base outside Oxford, gathered from their conversation that they intended to dodge paying the substantial fare: he radioed for assistance. As he passed from county to county local police cars succeeded each other in tailing him, and one was parked ostentatiously on the other side of the road when the tricky moment for settling up arrived.

"Frequently," says Browne, "the mere knowledge that a taxi is in direct contact with its headquarters and the police is sufficient to make trouble-makers think twice." The additional precaution has brought radio taxis a lot of work collecting wages from banks on pay days and transporting valuables for various firms.

THE police, fire and ambulance services and hospitals have recognized the usefulness of the radio taxis' organization. Late on a Saturday night, a few months ago, Browne was called up by Scotland Yard with the description of two men wanted for robbery with violence in the Victoria area. He was asked to check whether any of his cabs had picked them up earlier in the evening. Browne passed the message over the circuit and was answered by one of his drivers who was able to give the address where he had set the men down. The police car which raced to the house missed them by a few minutes. Two days later, however, the same driver, cruising through the West End, recognized one of the men, passed the word to the





Bill Browne, night supervisor, watches as a dispatcher sends a message (left); and checks a telephonist's card index (right). This lists regular customers who travel on credit

control-room, and shadowed him until a police car arrived and made an arrest.

Drivers invariably radio to the control-room any unusual incident on the streets such as accidents, fires and fights. A driver who saw a smash and grab raid in the West End kept the thief in sight for nearly a mile as he radioed directions to the police.

The speed with which they can be contacted has brought the radio taxis many late night emergency jobs rushing blood plasma, oxygen and other medical supplies from one hospital to another.

They have received less important but equally urgent requests for cigarettes, sandwiches and aspirins in the small hours of the morning. One woman has a regular Sunday morning order with one radio taxi firm for all the Sunday papers, a packet of cigarettes and a stomach powder to be delivered to her home. Drivers have been dispatched with complete shopping lists and one taxi regularly takes a dog to and from its home for its monthly bath at a canine beauty parlour.

The run from the centre of the city to London Airport is frequently duplicated when fares discover halfway that they have left passports, money or valuables behind. Recently Browne received a phone call from an hotel in Piccadilly to tell him that an important visitor, en route for the airport, had left his dress trousers behind. Browne radioed the cab carrying the fare to warn him of the omission and dispatched another taxi to carry the trousers.

When a call is received in the RadioCabs

control-room a red light shows over the switch-board, which is manned by eight telephonists, followed by a green signal when it is answered, to avoid duplication. The telephonist taking the call notes down the details on a perforated slip and puts it on a conveyor belt that runs into the transmitting department. Here the slip is handed to a "dispatcher," who puts out a first call to any driver in the immediate vicinity. The second call is for drivers within half a mile and the third is for those within a mile. If there is no response an "assistance call" is made to all drivers on the circuit who give an estimate of the time it would take them to reach the fare.

A strict approach to the occasionally free-and-easy conversation of cabmen over the air has had to be observed since the opening of new TV frequencies. Interchanges between cabs and control-room can be heard on sets with more than one channel and the radio taxi circuits now have a regular audience. Many listeners, according to Browne, have as wide a knowledge of the call signs and operational procedure as the control-room and he has more than once been telephoned by set-owners with compliments on the excellence of his "programme." One man who rang up for a cab recently asked if it could be sent as quickly as possible because his young daughter refused to go to bed until she had heard her address over the air.

The RadioCabs transmitter has an average radius of about twenty-five miles but when conditions are good messages have been heard as far south as Worthing, sixty miles away.

Although Browne and his staff cannot order a cab on to a job the firm has a list of priorities which are observed as closely as possible. Calls from Buckingham Palace, Clarence House, 10 Downing Street and the residence of the United States Ambassador are given immediate precedence and usually produce a rapid response from drivers.

Their connection with the Royal households provided RadioCabs with their biggest job at the time of the Coronation. One hundred and fifty cabs were concentrated to carry the foreign suites attending the ceremony from their quarters to Lancaster House, where they were to watch the

procession. The cabs were given special parking facilities by the police and on the return journey a controller with a mobile radio set was stationed on the rank and another similarly equipped stood on the steps of Lancaster House. As each party left, their departure was radioed to the park and their taxis brought to the door. The careful organization brought a letter of praise from the Crown Equerry.

REGULAR customers of RadioCabs who use four or five taxis a day are given a code number by the firm to avoid the constant repetition of their names and addresses over the phone. The majority of these are show business personalities and many of them provide the drivers with a lot of amusement. Harry Secombe, the comedian, formed the habit of leaping out as his taxi slowed and dashing into the building where he was calling without paying his fare, forcing the cabman to pursue him through corridors and upstairs before he got his fee. The practical joke worked well until the news of it spread. On the last occasion the driver sat tight and waited. Several minutes later, Secombe came back sheepishly of his own accord.

Radio-controlled taxis first made their appearance in London in 1949, although firms were operating in Cambridge and Bournemouth as early as 1947. RadioCabs, which comprises twelve taxi companies and a small number of owner drivers, began in 1951 with half a dozen vehicles. Since then they have carried more than four million passengers and foresee wide extension of the service.

Browne's job brings him into close contact with London during its most eventful night-time hours and he is used to strange happenings. But he occasionally finds a mystery which he can never solve.

A short time ago one of his drivers set down a woman fare at a house with a large car standing outside. Watched by the startled cabbie, she hurried into the front garden and returned with a can of petrol which she poured over the car. She then set it alight.

"The driver," says Browne, "immediately radioed for the fire brigade but almost at once I had to dispatch him to an urgent job. In the rush of the night's work I was never able to discover the end of the story."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



A word from Pascoe before Barrick, the Northants batsman, goes in

John Pascoe makes cricket pay

by KEITH ELLIS

His passion for sport has brought new life to the
Northants XI—and publicity to his roller bearings

WHEN John Pascoe joined the committee of Northamptonshire County Cricket Club, the team occupied its customary place at the bottom of the championship table. Having a smaller population to draw on than any other county in first-class cricket, it had been near the bottom for thirty years. Once it went through four seasons without winning a game.

The record was so dismal that the team had failed to attract the only people who could save it—first-class players from other counties. One day, a fellow committeeman said to Pascoe: "Freddie Brown's given up first-class cricket because his firm won't give him time off to play. I wonder if we could get him to play for us?"

Pascoe, who is chairman and managing director of a Northamptonshire firm called British Timken, Ltd., replied: "If he will, I'll give him a job—with all the time off he needs."

Brown's acceptance of the offer turned the tide for Northamptonshire. In that first season, the team jumped to sixth place. Since then, Pascoe has lured almost a dozen first-class professionals to the county and currently employs eight of the first-team players. They include

three Australians—Tribe, Manning and Livingston—and a New Zealander, Arnold. Timken-shire, as the county has come to be called, is now able to challenge the heavily populated counties at the top end of the table and for the last two seasons has kept steady at seventh place.

Nobody doubts that Pascoe made the success possible. "Without the job, I shouldn't have come," says Brown. Tribe, who has achieved the "double" of a hundred wickets and a thousand runs in each of the last four seasons, gave up a £1,000-a-year place in Lancashire League. "This was the only way I could play first-class cricket and train for a permanent career," he says.

Friends and colleagues regard Pascoe's re-making of Northamptonshire as just one more example of his drive and opportunism. A little man with a bald, domed head, keen eyes and a jutting chin, he is mainly responsible for expanding his firm's labour force from a thousand to more than six thousand since 1938, and multiplying production by ten.

His fanaticism in the cause of tapered roller bearings, of which British Timken is the largest

British manufacturer, has led critics to accuse him of helping Northamptonshire purely for publicity.

"We do get publicity out of it," he admits, "but I should do it if we didn't. If people in industry want good cricket, they'll have to provide work for the players. The day of the full-time professional is dead. But we don't do it out of charity. These cricketers are useful members of our organizations—quite apart from their cricketing reputations."

Freddie Brown, who since his retirement from first-class cricket works full-time as a sales engineer, says: "It's not ideal from the county's point of view, but if we hadn't got cricketers from outside we should have dropped out of the championship."

PASCOE's passion for sport pervades the whole Timken organization. His playing-field covers thirty acres and includes three football grounds, two cricket pitches and a running track certified by the Amateur Athletics Association. Every year he puts on a two-day show which one critic recently said was "comparable to a county agricultural show in scale and size." Pascoe himself says: "The main thing behind it is public relations. If people see a fine, well-organized show, they will say what a fine organization we are."

In 1951, Timken's opened a new factory in South Africa. Pascoe sent out a British Timken cricket team which contained four regular county men and played fourteen two-day matches against the equivalent of county "A" teams. The team got widespread publicity and, shortly afterwards, large orders flowed in. Pascoe denies that he sent the team for publicity. "But," says Freddie Brown, "it was cheaper than buying the front page of the *Cape Times*."

Pascoe's drive is the despair of his staff. "Everybody's terrified of him," says one; "our mentor and tormentor," says another; "a typical tycoon," adds a third. He himself puts it: "A chief executive's place is in the works, not attending committees in London. I like to know what's happening without being overwhelmed by reports. I rarely write a memo. I go into the works and tell 'em."

Every time he visits the main British Timken factory at Duston, near Northampton, he makes a point of inspecting the whole establishment. As he darts through the works and offices, he snaps out his criticisms—of a cigarette packet



There are many tennis courts around Timken can play. Pascoe has devoted

on a shop floor, of a crack in the corner of a picture-frame, of a weed on the playing field.

"He wants everything just right," says Lieutenant-Colonel Terry Roper-Caldbeck, his full-time sports secretary. "If it is, he'll say so. If not, he'll chew you up." Once, an outside organization borrowed the company's ground for a sports meeting. Bad timekeeping turned it into chaos. Pascoe was furious—because it happened on his ground.

Pascoe's whole working life is devoted to the promotion of tapered roller bearings. Bearings are a vital part of every drill and every spindle, whether in a dodgem car or a Viscount aircraft, and British Timken sells them all over the non-Communist world. Its customers are as varied as Rand goldmines and Peruvian Corporation Tramways.

Pascoe insists that every piece of machinery in the factory—from the yardman's wheelbarrow to the £23,000 press in the machine shop—is equipped with his own tapered roller bearings. The only British car which incorporates a rival make is banned from the factory.

One day, he was watching a cricket match on the firm's ground with Freddie Fisher, the works manager. The light was tricky and the batsman asked for the sight-screen to be moved.

"It had rained the night before and the wheels were a bit stiff," says Fisher. "It took four men to move it." Pascoe's lips set in a thin, hard line. "Is that Timkenized?" he growled. Fisher said it was not.

"Get it done tomorrow," said Pascoe.

Some time ago, he heard that Northampton Rural District Council had applied to Richmond Herald for a coat-of-arms. The suggested design included a cog-wheel as a symbol of industry. Pascoe called on the clerk. "I put it to him," he says, "that as we were by far the biggest industry in the district, it would be appropriate to have a tapered roller bearing instead."

The clerk agreed. When he next called on Richmond Herald, he had with him Leslie Dorricott, Pascoe's dapper publicity manager, and a new design featuring a profile of a tapered roller bearing. Richmond Herald turned it down.

A few weeks later, Pascoe sent another design, this time with the bearing in section. It was accepted. Now a tapered roller bearing is on the official coat-of-arms.

Outsiders often wonder why Pascoe's labour turnover is so small. One reason is his paternalism. He has Northamptonshire and Test scores

broadcast regularly over the loudspeaker system every half-hour at critical periods. To help his men take a pride in their work, he has every machine prominently labelled with its price.

He employs far more than his quota of disabled persons, including several paraplegics, two blind men, and a man who is able to work only when lying full length on a stretcher, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The son of a board-school master, Pascoe was born in 1893 at Redruth, Cornwall, and took an engineering degree at Cambridge after army service in the first World War. He served an apprenticeship at Leeds Forge, and later became secretary of the Electric and Railway Finance Company. In 1930, he joined the board of British Timken and ten years later was appointed managing director.

At that time, the main factory was in Birmingham. In 1941 it was decided to build a dispersal factory at Duston. Speed was vital. Each week, Pascoe held a meeting of contractors on the site, demanded an account of their previous week's work and told them what he expected them to do during the coming week. "I played hell to get any sort of priority," he says. "Every brick was cemented with a drop of my blood."

Six months after the cows had been driven off the site, a small plant was turning out the first components.

Pascoe next decided that the Duston offshoot would become the main factory. For building land, he bought a neighbouring farm. "He converted the cowsheds into houses," says Bill Miller, the quiet Scottish company secretary. "Six months later, the Ministry of Health said it couldn't be done."

AFTER the war, Northampton Rural District Council was short of building land. Knowing that a good proportion of the houses would be occupied by his own workers, Pascoe donated twenty-seven acres. The council also had difficulty in paying for a proper water supply. Pressure was so low that it took half an hour to fill a kettle. Pascoe promptly gave £5,000 for a new pump.

Married, with a son at Eton and a débutante daughter, Pascoe lives in a large house not far from the Duston factory. He is said to be a vice-president of every organization in Northamptonshire and many more outside.

One of his few setbacks is marked by a

packing-case which decorously conceals a large stone in one corner of the sports field. "This foundation stone," reads the inscription, "was laid and the running track declared open by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh on 15th December, 1954." It was to be the first stone of a new pavilion.

The Duke had laid it with a gold trowel which had a model bearing built into the handle, and after inspecting a 3½-ton bearing made for a German rolling mill, had driven away in a car which the firm's newspaper was quick to report as "equipped with Timken tapered roller bearings."

Unfortunately, Pascoe discovered that the running track was in such great demand that the projected pavilion was too small. New plans were drawn up, but the larger pavilion would cross a public footpath.

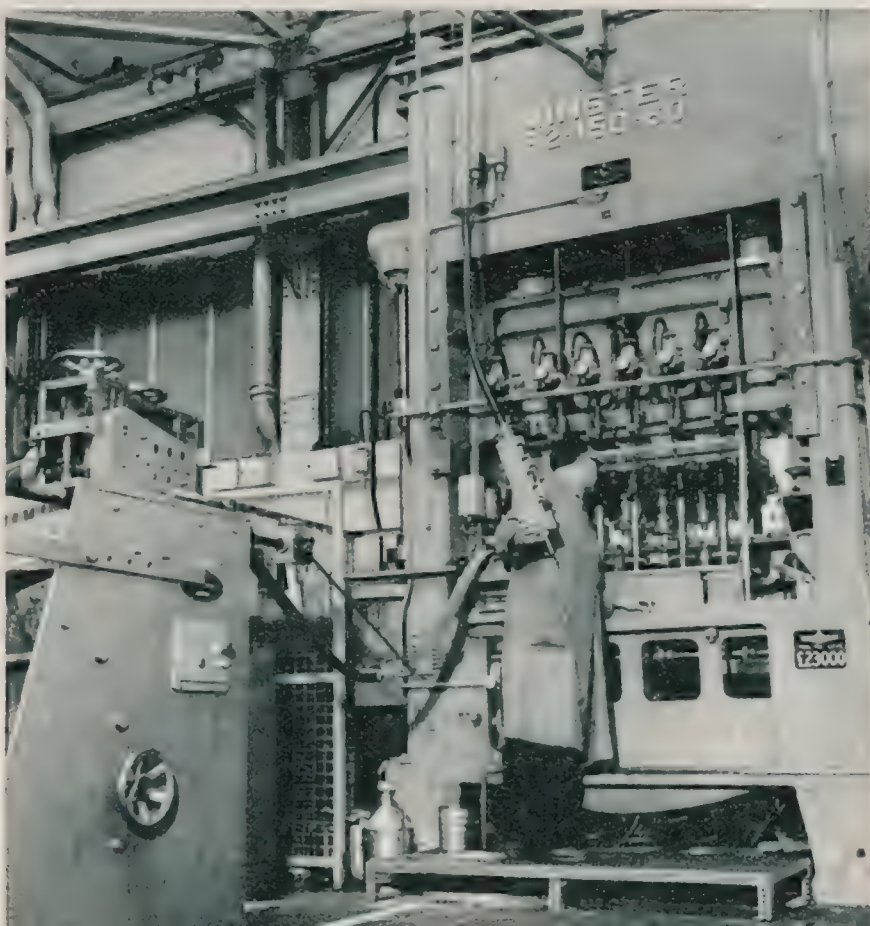
Even Pascoe could not speed up the ancient procedure for diverting a right of way, and the slow process has been dragging on. But the builders will move in any day now. THE END



At a dinner for the Australians, Pascoe and ex-England captain F. R. Brown, one of his cricketering employees, entertain Keith Miller



Duston on which employees of British thirty acres to playing fields there



At the British Timken works every piece of machinery, from barrow to this £23,000 press, is clearly labelled with its cost price



"Run!" shouted Alex. The women picked up children and fled, sobbing and panting. Winter stood back, urging them to hurry

Shadow of the moon

by M. M. KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Alex Randall had rescued Winter, but now he could hear the screams of hunted women and children. . . . If he left them to die he might save a whole province

IN Lunjore Residency that night all was gaiety and glitter at the Queen's Birthday Ball. But there was tension in the laughter, fear beneath the smiles: it was May, 1857, and the whole of India was seething with unrest. The Indian Mutiny was at hand—had indeed already begun in Delhi.

Captain Alex Randall, the commissioner's A.D.C., listened to the band of the 1st Lunjore Irregulars with an impassive face. Nobody could have guessed that he had spent the afternoon pleading for the local regiments to be disarmed. Alex believed that a sepoy revolt was imminent, but he had not convinced his superiors.

As for the commissioner himself—Mr. Conway Barton—the whole situation was beyond him. He retreated to the brandy bottle.

Alex danced with the commissioner's lady, Winter de Ballesteros, the wealthy and beautiful girl Conway Barton had tricked into marriage a few months before. Usually Alex avoided her as much as possible because he was in love with her himself. But now he was tormented with fear for her safety.

In Delhi hundreds of Europeans had been massacred. Only a few dazed survivors had reached Lunjore—among them, Lottie English, an old friend of Winter's. Lottie, who was expecting a child, had seen her husband killed. The shock had deranged her mind.

The arrival of the refugees brought fresh fear to Lunjore. The day after the ball the women and children were to be brought into the Residency. They might have a chance there, Alex thought grimly, until the sepoys turned. . . .

He believed a general uprising was planned for the last day of May. *Two days to go*, he thought, leaning against the wall of the Residency ballroom to watch a quadrille.

But there were, in fact, no more days. Only hours. . . .

PART THREE

The Murderers Swamp Lunjore

MAJOR BECKWITH, second-in-command to Colonel Gardener-Smith, informed his commanding officer, half an hour before sunrise on the morning after the ball, that the regiment had not dispersed after parade and could no



Painfully, the adjutant gasped out his story. "They shot him down. . . . They're all dead. Packer's fellows have broken"

longer be trusted. He wept as he said it, for Major Beckwith, like his colonel, had believed with a wholehearted belief in the fidelity of his men.

"I will go back and speak to them," said Colonel Gardener-Smith.

"It's no good, sir. They will listen to no one."

"They will listen to me," said Colonel Gardener-Smith stubbornly.

But they did not listen.

"We will not harm thee, or permit thee to be harmed," said the ringleader, "for thou art a good man. But we take no more orders from

Feringhees who have plotted to destroy our caste and enslave us. Go quickly while there is yet time, for we know what we know, and the men of the 105th are not as us, and if they can, may slay thee."

They thrust him from the lines, shouting down his words and, rushing to the bells of arms and seizing their rifles, announced their intention of marching immediately for Delhi to offer their services to the Mogul. They opened fire on their officers, two of whom were badly wounded. There was nothing for it but to leave before worse befell, and the colonel left.

His bungalow was empty, for his wife and daughter were already at the Residency, and it seemed intolerably dark and quiet. As quiet as the tomb. As quiet as old age.

I am an old man, thought Colonel Gardener-Smith. *An old man and a fool. I have given my life to a lie. They will disband the 93rd and remove its name from the Army List. My 93rd!*

His mind went back to the days when he first joined the regiment as a young ensign, and he remembered men long dead; sepoys and subadars, men who fought with him and followed him.

Old fights and old battles spoke their names in his brain like a roll of drums. He forgot his wife and Delia. Their faces and names meant nothing to him, and awoke no echo in his mind to drown or disturb the memory of the men among whom, beside whom, and for whom he had spent his life.

They will disband the 93rd as they did the 10th. It will go down in the records—"Disbanded for Mutiny." My 93rd. . . .

He left the bungalow and went to the deserted mess, walking bareheaded in the blaze of the newly risen sun. He took down the colours and burned them in the grate, pouring lamp oil on them and watching until there was nothing left but a heap of evil-smelling black ash. Then he shot himself. . . .

Colonel Packer's regiment broke out into mutiny less than an hour after the 93rd, and seized the treasury and possessed themselves of the money and all available arms.

Colonel Moulson was breakfasting at the Residency, together with several officers who were engaged in assuring the ladies assembled there that there was no cause for alarm, that their

presence in the Residency was merely a precautionary measure which would only be necessary for a day or two.

Delia Gardener-Smith, unlike the majority of the women present, had elected to wear her widest crinoline and a dress that was more suitable for an afternoon party than an early breakfast. Her beautiful hair was tied back with a demure bow of ribbon and allowed to cascade down her back in glossy chestnut ringlets. Colonel Moulson found her enchanting, and was in process of telling her so when the sound of galloping hooves interrupted him.

"I might have known it!" fumed Colonel Moulson when he heard the news. "Always said that fool Gardener was too soft with his men. I'll show 'em! Marching to Delhi with the treasure, are they? Where the hell's my horse? If we double three companies across the *maidan* we'll cut 'em off and cut 'em to bits."

He galloped off into the glare of the morning, his adjutant and a senior captain riding behind him, and his regiment received him in silence. They listened to his bellowed commands.

No man moved. Their shadows lay motionless on the hot ground. Then a man laughed, and another took aim and fired. . . .

Ten minutes later the adjutant, his arm hanging limply at his side, slid from his wounded horse on to Alex's sunny veranda and gasped out the news.

"They shot him down—Mottisham too—and

Halliwell and Reeves and Charlie and little Jenks. They're all dead. Packer's fellows have broken, too. They've killed him—saw his body. Cut to bits. And old Gardener has——"

"I know," Alex said, knotting a strip torn from a curtain about the man's shattered arm and shoulder. He turned his head and called out to Niaz, who had ridden full tilt round the corner of the bungalow from the direction of the stables.

"The Lunjore *pultun* also!" Alex shouted. "Ride for the river! Get the charges from the *Hirren Minar*—I will meet thee there. Go quickly!"

Niaz lifted a hand in salute and turned his rearing, frantic horse as Alex helped the adjutant back into his saddle.

"If Moulson's men have broken, that means the gunners will go," Alex said. "Get over to the Residency and tell 'em to get the women and children away over the *nullah* and into the jungle at once—at once, do you hear! Alam Din, run with the sahib—be swift!"

HE leaped down the veranda steps and caught at the bridle of his horse.

"Where—are you going?" gasped the adjutant, wheeling his own wounded animal.

"Magazine," Alex called, spurring down the drive.

The magazine was a small, square, unpretentious building of whitewashed stone that stood

near the centre of the cantonment area and was surrounded by a high wall and several trees. There was a yelling crowd of sepoy's milling round it, and Alex heard the crackle of musketry.

He reined back in the shadow of a clump of bamboos. Someone was holding the magazine. He caught a brief glimpse of a pink, boyish face, hatless, the red hair bright against the white-washed stone above the inner parapet, and recognized young Eyton, one of the new-joined "griffins," barely a month out from home. The other lay face downwards thirty yards from the gate and on the edge of the yelling crowd, his brains splashed in an oddly symmetrical, star-shaped pattern on the hot dust.

Another face appeared beside young Eyton; a dark, bearded face that showed a gleam of white teeth. A rifle cracked and another man in the crowd fell. There were some, then, who remained true to their salt.

But the fight was an unequal one, for already fifty men or more had swarmed over the outer wall, and the gate was creaking under a heavy log of wood wielded by a dozen others as a battering ram.

Alex knew that he should go. There was nothing he could do. But he did not move. He saw the boy appear briefly again on the parapet and peer down at the yelling besiegers, duck to avoid the shots and hold up his hand as though he gave a signal. Even as he watched, Alex

They stopped to rest at last and Lottie lay with her head in Lou Cottar's lap. "Water—please. So thirsty," she sobbed



knew what that signal meant, and he turned his horse and set him at a low wall fifty yards away, cleared it and was racing across a stretch of open ground. As he reached the far side of it he heard the roar of the explosion and felt the shock of the blast like a blow between his shoulders.

"Well done!" Alex shouted. "Oh, well done!" He spurred across another piece of open ground, leaped a compound wall and rode for the Residency.

The heavy, iron-studded doors of the Residency gate had been closed that morning and the police guard ordered to keep them barred. But the door of the narrow wicket in the main gate, through which only one at a time could enter, stood ajar.

There was a crowd before the gate; a swaying, yelling crowd, who were being harangued by a wild-eyed figure in a white turban—Akbar Khan, the gate-keeper.

"Kill them!" screamed Akbar Khan. "Slay all, and let not one escape! For the Faith! For the Faith!"

They heard the sound of the furious, galloping hoofbeats and scattered like a whirl of dead leaves as Alex rode into them. He fired only once and saw Akbar Khan topple forward with an expression of ludicrous surprise on his face. Then he flung himself from the saddle, his horse's rearing body protecting him momentarily from the crowd.

In that fractional moment he was through the narrow wicket. A bullet fired by someone within the gate smacked into the woodwork within an inch of him.

He stumbled over the body of a man who lay across the threshold and, turning, threw himself against the narrow door and dropped the heavy bar into place.

He turned from it, gun in hand, and saw the faces of the police guard, sullen and unsure as they fidgeted uneasily with their muskets, and knew that there was no security there.

"Sorry, Randall," said a gasping voice from the shadows of the gate. "Nearly got you. Thought it was another of those swine."

MAJOR MAYNARD, commanding the military police, was sitting on the ground with his back to the wall and one hand pressed to his side in a vain attempt to stem the red tide that welled out between his fingers.

"Y'r just in time," he said. "Tell 'em up at the house—run for it."

Alex faced the watching men and said harshly: "Take up the sahib and carry him to the house. Quickly!"

"No!" gasped Maynard. "No . . . wouldn't be any use. I know that . . . so do you. I've got . . . fifteen minutes perhaps . . . and as long as . . . I'm here . . . they'll do nothing. When I'm gone . . . they'll open the gate, and run. Get up to the house . . . tell 'em t' get out. I'll hold 'em for . . . a few minutes. . . ."

Alex did not wait. He had told Wardle twenty minutes ago to get the women away. They must have gone already, but he had to be sure.

He reached the veranda and leaped up the steps, the noise of the mob beyond the Residency gate rising into a roar behind him.

No one had gone. They were all there still, perhaps a dozen men and more than twice as many women and children. There was a flower-garden of women in preposterous, pale-coloured, wide-hooped skirts, tight, fitted bodices and thin, inadequate, flat-heeled slippers.

"Good God!" said Alex furiously. "What the hell d'you think you're doing? Go on—get these women away! Wardle, I thought I told you—"

"Safer here," gasped Captain Wardle. "The gunners are loyal and the police'll hold. . . ."

"The gunners have broken, the police will run within five minutes—and half the riff-raff of the

Continued on page 40



Alex raced for the thick, protective jungle. He heard the uproar behind him . . . and a single shot



The test of a new pet food: two types of food—the old and the new—are placed before a cat. Experts stand by to study its reactions

Money in the kitty

by RENÉ LECLER

Pet food is a fierce, £15,000,000 business. But the cats and dogs aren't fooled. If they don't like it, they leave it

ON holiday on Ireland's west coast two years ago, a research chemist employed by a pet food firm noticed that fishermen catching basking shark offshore cut out the liver and often threw the rest of the five-ton fish back into the sea. He sent samples of the meat to Dr. Gordon Booth, research and development director of Chappie, Ltd., with the query: Would shark do as a substitute for whalemeat in our cat food?

Elaborate tests in the firm's factory at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, proved that shark meat was of the highest nutritional value. Booth mixed some of it with his standard product and sent six market research workers to a North of England town to test it on people's pets.

In two weeks, one hundred cats were offered a choice of the standard product or the one containing shark meat: five well-fed cats refused to eat either, sixty-five ate only the standard mixture and thirty fed on both. Not a single cat showed preference for shark, and Booth eventually gave up the tests.

"People too often forget that cats and dogs have been trained by nature to be fussy," he says. "The shark meat was perfectly suitable. But you can't persuade a cat to eat something it doesn't like, and I am afraid cats don't read our advertisements."

Pet foods are harmless to human beings. Officials of Booth's firm have surprised visitors

by sampling the pet food during factory tours, and Booth, a quiet, slow-spoken biochemist of forty-seven, knows of one London factory worker who lunches daily off fried cat food sandwiches. Two years ago, the firm's annual dinner for its regional salesmen boasted cat food with anchovy sauce as an *hors d'oeuvres*.

Last winter, for the first time, the government placed expenditure on pet food on the official cost-of-living index. Over forty different concerns, including Chappie, Spillers and Spratt's, now produce ready-packed dog and cat food ranging from Kit-e-Kat, Purr and Pussikin to Mixed Oval Biscuits, Lassie and Woof. This fiercely competitive trade is worth £15 million a year, and since each one of Britain's five and a half million cats costs its owner about £7 a year in pet food (as against £4 10s. for each of the three and a half million dogs), the industry feels confident about the future.

Chappie—the biggest canner of cat food in Britain—produces nearly a million tins of cat food a day, making this the biggest single, one-size, canned goods line on the market, human or animal. The firm has seven hundred white-coated employees, who work round the clock in four shifts.

Scarcity of supplies, the need to maintain standards and the desire to increase the number

of cats eating a particular type of food call for an elaborate scientific and market research system.

Says Dr. Kenneth Cottam, the firm's market analyst: "In pet food, we are always looking for our philosopher's stone, that unknown ingredient which will make *all* cats and dogs go wild. But I am afraid that we may never find it."

After six months' investigations some years ago, the firm's research workers reduced the essential cat-food ingredients, which once numbered twelve, down to six—whalemeat, whitefish, herring, a small amount of cereals, a milk product and an ingredient which the firm keeps as its trade secret. Acceptance has now reached a record of eighty-seven per cent.

Vagaries of supplies forced Booth to experiment further. Liver, whose smell is most attractive of all to cats and dogs, had become almost unobtainable, but Booth discovered that whey, a by-product of milk, contained the same nutritional elements and was acceptable to pets as part replacement. He found that herring gave cats the minerals they needed.

Dogs, however, proved more difficult since their mineral elements could come only from bone. The firm now has a huge machine, the only one of its kind in Britain, which grinds ten tons of frozen bones and marrow a day into a fine pink cream.

ACCCEPTANCE figures of a new product, according to Booth, "might start with a creditable eighty per cent and gradually drop to sixty per cent when the pets fail to discover the elements they need. A half per cent difference in meat content might mean that cats won't touch it." The smallest addition of seal, for instance, makes a dish unpalatable to them.

Booth tries any substitute which his scientific training suggests. He is currently experimenting with apples left over from last year's crops. And when he discovered that sub-standard eggs contained some highly prized vitamins, despite their unattractive taste and smell, he tried out a new mixture on his staff's pets with unflattering comments from the owners. The cats were not impressed.

No ingredient is put into normal production

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

until it has met two tests: a straight comparison with the standard product and a sample test feeding 250 cats and dogs for three weeks.

Through the years, Booth and his experts have tried and found wanting every old wives' tale about cat and dog diet.

"Grass," says Booth, "has come up time and again in correspondence with pet owners." Recently, an old lady wrote to say that her cat persistently ate a certain kind of grass: cock's-foot. Booth and his biochemists tested it and found that its only value was as an emetic. "I had to write to the old lady and tell her that her cat was constipated."

Booth's main comparative test consists in putting down two types of food before cats and dogs. He and his experts then painstakingly note which food the cat or dog smells first, which it starts to eat first and which it eats up. Finding out the reason why a cat likes or dislikes a food, Booth explains, is a long, expensive and purely academic process of elimination. Yet research has accidentally turned up a few substances which are poison to animals. Butyric acid, the main source of rancidity in fats of all kinds, is most objectionable to cats and dogs though humans can take a high proportion of it. Now laboratory tests are automatically carried out to determine the amount of butyric acid present in any food. "Pets always win in the

end," says Booth. "Since we use cereals, we would very much like to use rye. It is cheap and plentiful. But the bitterness in rye is created by a certain oil which dogs just won't touch."

Consumer tests, always a difficult problem since an animal's answers to questions are confined to acceptance or non-acceptance, were long limited to trying out the food on cats specially kept as judges. During the initial postwar period of research into its cat food products, the firm kept ten cats of varying ages and breeds at Melton Mowbray. Every new mixture was put before them and for a time their reactions provided researchers with useful deductions.

"Unfortunately," says Cottam, "it was a little too easy. Those cats became connoisseurs, would accept only one food and lost all discrimination in their judgment regarding the others—they refused them all."

The firm has lately formed a panel of human judges to test pet food. Six people, including a young girl secretary, have volunteered to have their palates educated in cat and dog food values. Once a week they are led into a darkened room to a table on which several mixtures have been arranged. They have so far been able to differentiate between whalemeat, cow and horsemeat, to detect the presence of a small amount of liver in the mixture and even to calculate the proportions in which ingredients have been mixed. Eventually it is hoped that they will be able to appreciate smells, flavours and textures just as the animals for which they deputize. Experts believe that, while by no means impossible, this will be a long process.

IN most cases, consumer tests are carried out by the firm's team of thirty market research experts who tour the country as representatives of an independently named organization, Animal Nutrition Investigation Co.

Carrying cans of unbranded sample food, they call on householders with pets and supply free food for a limited period in return for the owner's help in answering such questions as: "Did the cat—or dog—eat all the food?" "How much did it eat?" "How often was it fed?" Every year 70,000 dogs and cats up and down Britain now help the firm in this way.

The researchers' work has been hampered lately by the number of thefts of cats to provide fur in replacement for rabbit and Davy Crockett hats for children. Says Cottam: "Hardly a week goes by without my receiving a call from local police saying that they hold one of my people on suspicion of 'casing a joint' before stealing pets."

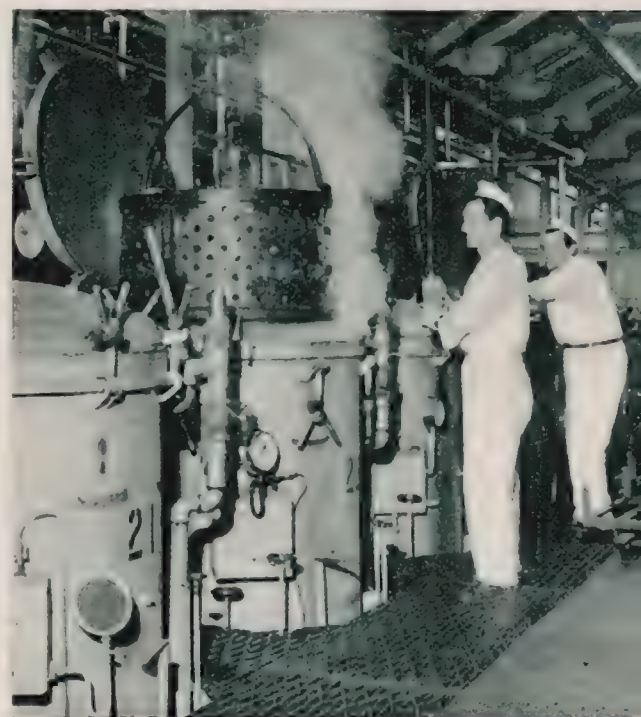
Occasionally field workers are asked to supply unusual information. In one month last year a survey of five towns in the Midlands showed that, among other things, pet owners fed their cats and dogs with cakes, puddings, bread and butter and jam, eggs, fruit, tea, ice cream, gravy, sausages, cheese, cereals, yeast tablets, chips, vinegar, winkles, shellfish and pancakes.

They have also found that while a dog owner often imparts his own feelings to his pet by varying the diet in case the dog tires of the same menu, cats are never so personalized: a cat owner tends to keep on buying the same food. Surveys have also revealed that while fewer than a quarter of Britain's dog owners keep pets for utilitarian purposes, one-third of the country's cats earn their own living by destroying mice.

Field workers have also been trying to find out why owners of cats and dogs give their pets a certain diet rather than another. "There is a widespread belief that cats eat fish and dogs eat meat," says Cottam. "It has no historical or biological truth. We once tried to counter this for our own satisfaction by feeding dog food to cats and cat food to dogs. Acceptance figures were of the order of seventy-five and eighty-five per cent respectively. But trying



Cat food firms use many tons of fish daily. Minced, the fish goes with other ingredients into the tins and is pressure cooked (below). One firm produces a million tins each day



to convince the housewife of this is hopeless."

All pet food experts agree that the worst mistake is to impute human likes and dislikes and reactions to animals. Food firms make one exception: colour. Cats and dogs see their world in blacks and greys. "The colour is for the housewife," says Booth. "The colouring element in our animal foods is the same as is used in sweets."

Chappie's experts once experimented with a new colouring matter in minute quantity, about .005 per cent, and tried it out in comparison with a standard product. The immediate partiality of dogs to it split the scientific authorities into two groups, with one set of researchers happily believing that they had accidentally stumbled on a colour the dog could see.

Inquiries among veterinary colleges brought back the same verdict: dogs can't see colours. The firm's experts then drank the dye in concentrated form and pronounced it absolutely tasteless. Says Booth: "This went on for months and in the end we had to give up. There must have been a tiny, almost undetectable taste, and that was the dogs' delight regardless of the colour."

THE END



A cat makes its choice. "Cats and dogs have been trained by nature to be fussy," says the research chief of one pet food firm



The widow of Ali Shaddock was angry. As she towered dangerously over him, Chafik retreated hastily behind the bulk of Sergeant Abdullah

Softly fell a feather

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Rumour had warned Inspector Chafik that Shaddock would die. Now, perhaps, it would unmask the killer

ONE day in Baghdad a small boy who carried his shoes dodged through the ferment of traffic on Rashid Street and arrived, miraculously unscathed, outside the drab headquarters of the security police. He ducked under the arm of the guard, threw open a door lettered in Arabic and English: "Chafik J. Chafik, Chief Inspector, Department of Criminal Investigation," and cried: "Father! There is a man who will kill himself and it is not proper to do away with the life that has been given us and . . . and. . . ." And then his breath gave out.

Chafik's dun-coloured eyes darkened with anger. "An assassin, not my son, might have made this unceremonious entry," he reprimanded the outwitted guard. Then his face and voice softened as he said: "But I do wrong to blame you. Nobody—but nobody—can stop my son, running. He is of the bazaars."

Chafik dismissed the guard. Then he turned to the boy, and the elfin face and dark eyes made the strings of his heart sing.

This was an adopted son. Chafik had chosen him from the many waifs who lived by their wits in the great bazaars of Baghdad, taking him into a childless home. Polygamy, permitted by Islamic law if the first lady proves barren, was unacceptable to Chafik. He loved Leila, his lady of many happy years, very dearly, and they both loved the boy they had taken to be their son.

With effort the inspector hardened his heart and said sternly: "Faisal! Why do you not wear the shoes your mother bought you?"

"My father, I do not wear shoes because I had to run faster than fast to tell you about the man who . . . who will murder himself . . . and shoes do not help the feet to go fast, and—"

"I have a slipper at home that goes very, very fast."

Faisal put the palms of his hands together and tilted his eyes. "Please do not spank me because I bring news. Mr. Shaddock is going to cut his throat."

"Eh? You say Shaddock?" exclaimed Chafik.

He went on: "Shaddock, Ali. Age, fifty. Profession: import merchant. Recently suspected of smuggling activities, no previous conviction. Married. Name of wife. . . ." The inspector heard himself quoting from the official dossier and stopped. Thinking aloud was an old and unbreakable habit, but it never failed to annoy him.

"She is named Anina," rushed in Faisal, eager to placate. "All Baghdad knows he is going to

do it because of her, and because she left him and because he must pay the dowry he gave her when they got married and . . . and because he's pockets-down with debts and—"

Chafik said sharply: "Nonsense!" and went on, as to an adult: "The religious courts that deal with matters of *faridah*, the husband's gift to the wife, and with divorce will decide in his favour. I am informed there is another man in the story. It is she who seeks the divorce, so—"

"Everybody knows she has pulled him around by the nose these many years."

Chafik became ruefully aware of his son. "You have been with the bazaar boys, that army of little ears that infests keyholes—"

"It is true I had the report from my men, my Father, but the tale is told everywhere and—"

The inspector sighed and gently drew Faisal to him. "About this matter of rumour," he began. "Listen. There was once a respected chicken and she lost a feather searching for fleas with her beak. A second chicken told a third chicken about seeing the feather fall, but the gossiping chicken made it two feathers. So the news went around the coop and each time another feather fell, until it was said the original chicken had plucked out all her feathers and

"This man found the body," said the constable, shining his torch. "He was trying to drag it from the river"

was running about undressed. So they pounced on her, beat her, clucked: 'You're a disgrace!' and threw her out."

The little man raised an admonishing forefinger as he finished his parable: "Before you help spread rumour, my son, always remember how softly fell that first feather. Remember—"

The telephone interrupted him. "Chafik J. Chafik," he said curtly and, hearing a deep, warm voice, added hastily: "Never am I too busy to talk to you, Wife!"

"My man! Faisal has not returned from school and I wondered if—"

"He is here and has no immediate desire to return home. A rendezvous has been made between a certain part of his anatomy and my slipper. . . ."

The wife of Inspector Chafik laughed. "So you say now," she mocked. "Without doubt you will feed him many honeycakes in a café somewhere and forget the matter of delinquency." She paused. "Oh, my man . . . I was at our sister's just now. There was a lot of talk and everybody wondered what you would do about Mr. Shaddock—"

"Wait!" Chafik broke in. "It would appear the teapots of Baghdad brew an infusion as bitter as the bazaar chatter of our son—"

"So he knew, too?"

Chafik said: "You both have unrivalled sources of rumour," and closed the conversation.

There had been a discreet knock on the door and a large man entered. He wore a sergeant's



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stripes and the holster at his belt was as worn as his mahogany face. "Sir!" he said.

The inspector studied his dour assistant and announced: "Abdullah, you are the shadow of a kite-hawk that circles over a desert kill."

"Yes, sir," answered Sergeant Abdullah.

"And, of course, your news is of that kind?"

The big, dark man looked disapprovingly at the inspector's son.

"To send Faisal from us," said Chafik, "would only encourage his curiosity and leave him with the nasty answers of an uninstructed boy. You would not understand, Abdullah. You only have daughters. . . ."

"Three, sir. They curb their curiosity."

The inspector reddened. "Report!" he said.

"Sir! The individual named Ali Shaddock has apparently drowned himself. His body awaits you across the river, near the place where his estranged wife lives. I venture to point out all this was anticipated. Everybody knew that Shaddock intended—"

"Enough!" The bronze mask of Chafik's face flamed. He drove his fist into his palm and shouted: "Sons of jinns and evil spirits! All Baghdad knew he would kill himself except me. May the pit! . . . may. . . ."

The storm passed and he touched curved fingers to his forehead in a salaam to his sergeant. "Forgive me, Abdullah, as I hope the All-Merciful will forgive me if I pray hard enough," the little inspector said humbly. . . .

The sun of brass that had afflicted the city was down and silver stars were lighting up one by one when Inspector Chafik and his assistant arrived at the Karradat Miriam, a district on the other side of the Tigris. Here there were date palms, small farms, and mellow old houses built on the embankment to catch the infrequent breezes.

"This is the place." Abdullah stopped the car where a house stood behind a parapet, high above the river, which was very low.

Chafik followed the sergeant down the steps to a boat landing. A dark bulk had been dragged up on to the beach. Near it waited a constable and a civilian.

"This gentleman found the body," the constable told the inspector, shining his torch. "He hailed me as I passed on patrol. He was trying to drag it out—"

"So commendable!" said Chafik, glancing briefly at the man. "Your evidence will be required. . . . You are a stranger in Baghdad?"

"I am of Basrah . . . oh, what a dreadful experience! If only I had arrived sooner . . . just a few minutes . . . I might have saved this pitiable one who has damned his soul." And the samaritan beat his hands with agitation.

HE was a middle-aged man, square and strong, but soft with sedentary living. His olive-brown eyes showed strain as he went on: "I was on my way to a café named the Pleasant Hours . . . so ironical—"

"No pleasant hour here for you," agreed Chafik.

"Such a thing to happen!" The man went on to tell again how he had found the body.

His drab eyes fixed cynically on the man from Basrah, Chafik asked: "So the deceased was unconscious when you found him?"

"Oh, yes! I took action at once—"

"As you have told me." Chafik said: "But I have kept you too long. You are wet and the night is chilly after the day. My car is at your disposal. . . ." The inspector salaamed and then thought to ask: "You didn't know the poor fool who drowned himself?"

"I do not even know his name. . . ."

This time the inspector's salaam was dismissal. Inspector Chafik said dryly to the constable: "Of course you know what the bit of clay here is labelled?"

"Ali Shaddock, sir! All Baghdad said he would—"

"Do away with himself." Chafik's voice was

A French wife visits the land of harems and sheikhs

WOMAN DOCTOR IN THE VEILED CITY

THE YEMEN, in south-west Arabia, is a land where slave girls are still bought and sold, where the king lives in a fortified palace with two of his four wives, and where child marriages take place with exotic ceremony.

To this wild, mysterious kingdom, which few Europeans have penetrated, came Claudie Fayein, a French woman doctor in search of adventure. For a year she left her husband and children. She found her adventure.

She found it in the walled cities and citadels where women live in veiled seclusion. She was locked in a harem by an Arabian chieftain, climbed a sacred mountain when forbidden to do so, visited the Temple of the Moon-God and the city reputed to have been the Queen of Sheba's capital.

She battled with disease and death in primitive villages, mixed with the



Dr. Claudie Fayein

poor and with princes whose dress was of cloth of gold.

Claudie Fayein's story is a fascinating account of a fabulous country where the fantasy of the Arabian Nights exists. Illustrated with superb photographs, it begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

dangerously quiet. "I suppose you babbled all this to the gentleman, eh?"

The officer was old in service and his look was reproachful. Chafik patted his arm. "Of course you wouldn't. And you got all his particulars?"

"He is named Mohammed Fahay, an official of the port of Basrah—"

"I'll want a full report later. Meanwhile I'll interview this one before he gets too unpleasant." The inspector indicated the body.

When he finished the examination, he took off his shoes and socks, plucked up the meticulous creases of his trousers and waded into the river. He went a long way before the water reached his knees.

"Where was the corpse found?" he called back.

The constable replied: "Nearer the bank than you now are, sir, according to Mr. Fahay. When I saw him, he had it very near shore. He said he dragged it about ten metres, perhaps more."

"Fortunately the gentleman is strong and Shaddock was slight." Chafik continued to paddle out and presently gave it up. "One can wade almost to the middle at this time of the year," he said when he came back. "The deep water is off the other bank. It is there I would drown myself, if I doubted the Compassion of God."

He put on his socks and shoes, and said to Sergeant Abdullah: "Well, let's go and tell Ali Shaddock's woman that death has settled her divorce. . . ."

They walked along a path flanked by the plumed sentinels of date palms. Presently Abdullah said: "With reference to the matter

of Shaddock's drowning, sir, I have the impression you are not satisfied it is suicide."

"I am puzzled," the inspector admitted. "The water was so shallow. It takes courage to keep your head in a puddle to take your life."

"Indubitably. And Shaddock's dossier does not suggest a man of courage."

"Exactly."

"Yet he may have been desperate."

"We'll find out how desperate when we talk to his wife. . . . Did you notice what was ejected from his lungs and stomach when you tried resuscitation?"

"Sand and mud, sir, and specimens of the organisms that populate the river bed."

"In other words, he bit the muck down there. Isn't that the action of a man who struggled against a force more aggressive than his will? And then there's a mark on the back of his neck—like a bruise," Chafik added thoughtfully.

"Do you suggest he was held under?" exclaimed Abdullah.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK replied: "At this stage I suggest nothing. I am not yet ready to weave, I still gather threads. Among other things, Abdullah, I want a careful check of that man, Fahay, who found the body."

"But he is a stranger to Baghdad, sir. . . ."

"Precisely. Yet he spoke of Shaddock's damned soul. He didn't see the drowning and, if he didn't know Shaddock, why would he associate him with that tale of suicide?"

The path had led them to a fertile plantation where there was a small, neat house. This was the property Ali Shaddock had given his wife as

Continued on page 37

The Wheezers and Dodgers' D-Day gamble

They had decided to protect the invasion harbour with floating monsters of steel—and there was no time for second thoughts

PART 6

ROBERT LOCHNER, head of the engineering section of the Wheezers and Dodgers, lay in bed at his Hampshire home, recovering from a bout of flu and worrying about an artificial harbour.

It was the spring of 1943. The Allies were busy planning the invasion of Europe, and the Wheezers and Dodgers—officially, the navy's Directorate of Miscellaneous Weapon Development—had been called upon to help with the design of an artificial harbour to lie off the coast of Normandy. Without this harbour, there could be no invasion, the Admiralty had been told.

Already Lochner's team had experimented with a device called the Bubble Breakwater. Their theory was that compressed air released from pipes on the sea-bed would rise to the surface and smooth out the waves by meeting them with an opposing force. Tests had been carried out on the beach by Shoreham Harbour, but results had been disappointing. And now it had been calculated that to keep in being a bubble harbour of the size called for by the invasion planners, a force of at least one and a half million horsepower would be needed, perhaps throughout every minute of the day and night.

But what was the alternative to the Bubble Breakwater? Lochner began to probe once again at the root of the matter. The planners were calling for a simple and portable barrier to stop waves. What was the nature of a wave? What precisely happened beneath the surface of the sea? Did an Atlantic roller roll all the way down to a thousand fathoms?

Of course it didn't! How dense they had all been! The ordinary wave which buffets the bather loses most of its power at twelve feet down. At 120 feet Atlantic rollers no longer worry the crew of a submarine.

Jumping out of bed, Lochner went to the attic. Rummaging about, he found an old Lilo rubber mattress—a relic of seaside holidays. He also found an iron bar and, bending the mattress lengthways, he got his wife Mary to sew the two sides together, with the bar forming a rough-and-ready keel.

They carried this strange object downstairs. There was a pond at the foot of their garden in the little village of Hammer, and launching the weighted mattress there they spent all the

The L.C.A. held to its course. There was a tremendous roar as its Hedgerow salvo ripped through the German beach defences

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTON



CLIVE UPTON



remaining hours of daylight up to their knees in the cold, weed-ridden waters.

By nightfall, Robert Lochner knew he had stumbled on a discovery which might revolutionize the whole approach to the problems of the invasion harbour.

The need for this harbour had been apparent from the moment when the decision was taken to launch the invasion on the coast of the Baie de la Seine, off Normandy. Admittedly, the statistics showed that bad weather was rarely encountered in the month chosen for the landings, but the risk of trying to sustain the greatest amphibious assault in history over open beaches was too appalling to accept.

At least five thousand ships would be involved. The proposed assault front ran for nearly fifty miles, and with a wind anywhere between north-east or north-west the chosen beaches would form a dead lee shore. Not only would bad weather make it impossible to unload the landing craft, Ducks and Rhino ferries, but such small craft—four thousand of them—would be unable to retire to the safety of their bases in England.

In peacetime, with all supplies at hand and no hostile action to hinder construction, it had taken eleven years to build the Admiralty harbour at Dover. Now, in much less favourable conditions, the Allies had to find a way of laying down two large prefabricated harbours in little over a fortnight.

It was the problem of the harbour's outer protective breakwater that was worrying Robert Lochner. His sudden realization that waves only exert their force to a relatively shallow depth altered his whole view of the problem. What was needed was some sort of wall in the sea which need not be carried right down to the sea-bed; it had only to extend to the point where the waves lost their energy. Therefore they must build a *floating* wall.

It was when he had reached this stage in reasoning out the problem that Lochner thought of the rubber mattress. As soon as his wife had sewn on the metal keel they launched it in the pond, and Mary Lochner began making miniature waves with the lid of a biscuit tin. The experiments eventually came to an abrupt end when she lost her balance and fell head first into the water, but by then Robert Lochner had seen enough to know that he was on the right lines. As soon as he got back to the Admiralty he drew up plans for more accurate models. When these were tested they showed clearly that a floating barrier *would* suppress waves.

It was an exciting discovery. In one bound the Wheezers and Dodgers had eliminated all the machinery, the pipes and the huge ships which would have been needed to operate the Bubble Breakwater.

A period of intense activity followed. By July

the mathematical theory had been evolved, over a hundred experiments with models had been carried out, and the floating dock at Portsmouth had been cleared, ready for full-scale construction.

Vast flexible rubber air bags were built to support the floating walls, and reinforced concrete keels designed to weigh down these great sea balloons. A new code word began to appear in the progress reports reaching the invasion planners: the floating breakwater was given the name of Lilo.

Lochner was confident that they were now working on the right lines. At the same time he still had a nagging feeling that the basic design might be improved. He was worried about the obvious vulnerability of the eighth-of-an-inch-thick fabric sides of the breakwater. When he got home in the evenings he would fill the bath and experiment with different shapes of rigid-sided models. The results were not immediately encouraging, but he kept on trying.

THE three full-size Lilos over which workmen swarmed at Portsmouth during the month of August, 1943, were unlike any floating object ever seen. They were two hundred feet long and twelve feet wide. The gigantic air bags were divided into three compartments, running the full length of the Lilo and separated from each other by canvas walls proofed with rubber.

The keel consisted of a hollow tube of reinforced concrete eight feet in diameter, and when flooded with water it weighed 750 tons. The tube could, however, be pumped out quite easily, and then it floated without any assistance from its rubber envelope. A sunken Lilo could be raised merely by attaching an air pipe.

The army of workers in the floating dock were baffled by the grotesque thing they were creating. They guessed that it had something to do with the Second Front, but its purpose they were unable to decide. They were unanimous on one point—it would never float!

While the prototypes were being built there was much activity in other directions. Possible sites for Mulberry—as the artificial harbour was named—were being examined, and Robert Lochner was patiently continuing his experiments with small rigid-sided model breakwaters. By now he was beginning to get results.

In August, 1943, Lochner and a team of British experts—among them William Penney, later knighted for his work on Britain's atom bomb—flew to Canada to report to the Anglo-American invasion planning conference at Quebec on progress with Mulberry. Before leaving, Lochner arranged for tests of a new rigid-sided breakwater to be carried out.

From Quebec the talks were switched to Washington, and before Lochner left for home

A tank landing craft nears the Bombardon breakwater of the invasion harbour off the Normandy coast. Below: Robert Lochner, the originator of Bombardon. He began researches on floating breakwaters during a bout of flu



it was decided that Mulberry was to be a British responsibility. There were to be two main harbours, each formed from a combination of blockships, concrete caissons and floating breakwaters.

Lochner and the Lilo team arrived home to find that the first two full-sized floating breakwaters were nearing completion, but other more momentous news awaited them. The results of the latest tests of the rigid models had exceeded all expectations.

They were thus confronted with an anxious decision. Should they go ahead with the sea balloons? Or should they stake everything on an equally untried floating monster made of steel? Whatever they decided, it would be too late to change their plans again if they were proved wrong. In less than six months the breakwaters would have to be ready for their final trials.

On September 13 the decision was taken. Although they decided to go ahead with the trials of the Lilo balloon breakwaters, which were expected to provide valuable information on mooring problems, the department's major effort would be concentrated from now onwards on the design and construction of the radically

different steel units. At first this improved version was called Hard Lilo, to distinguish it from the rubber and concrete structure now awaiting trial in the Channel, but eventually it was given the code name of Bombardon.

The design for the full-scale Bombardon breakwater envisaged a series of hollow steel objects which, viewed end on, looked like monster Maltese crosses. They would be two hundred feet long and just over twenty-five feet wide, with a draught of nineteen feet. On launching, the bottom and side arms would be flooded with sea water to give the necessary stability. To support this weight, the top half of the vertical arm would contain a nest of watertight buoyancy chambers.

Each of the two Mulberry anchorages—Mulberry A, the American port at St. Laurent, and Mulberry B, the British port at Arromanches—was to have an outer Bombardon breakwater and an inner breakwater of huge concrete structures called Phoenix caissons which could be flooded with sea water and sunk on the bed of the Channel.

Before work could begin on building the ninety-six full-scale Bombardons required for the two harbours over three hundred separate experiments had to be carried out with scale models to check the theory of wave suppression by the new floating units, and determine the towing and mooring data necessary for full-scale operations.

Since there was little information about the behaviour of waves readily available Robert Lochner decided to set up an observation post on the Sussex coast. The Wheezers and Dodgers took over a lighthouse at Newhaven, special recording instruments were installed, and a pretty Wren Petty Officer, Mary Lee, who had worked on a wide variety of jobs for the department, was posted there as resident "caretaker."

UNFORTUNATELY, they forgot to notify the officer in charge at Newhaven that they were setting up this mysterious establishment in his command, and this officer, a retired vice-admiral, was greatly incensed. Before long, however, the strange researches proceeding in the lighthouse began to intrigue him, and he would arrive almost daily on the breakwater to inspect progress, invariably accompanied by two pekingese dogs.

The wave data which interested him so much was registered by an electrical recorder. These statistics were supplemented by visual observation, and Lochner and his team spent hours on the cliffs timing the duration of the waves with a stop watch. Gradually heights and lengths were linked with wind speed and the action of the sea against the shore, and then the distinguished figure of William Penney descended on the establishment to analyse the data they had collected. His calculations fascinated the lighthouse team, who watched him cover page after page of his notebooks with graceful, curling wave symbols.

When asked by a visitor to explain what Penney was doing one of the department's officers remarked: "We're not quite sure, but we think he's composing a concerto!"

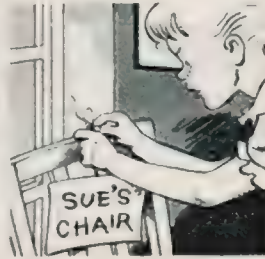
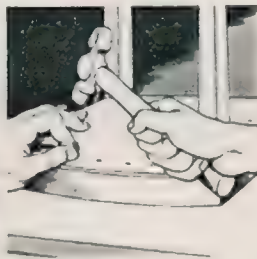
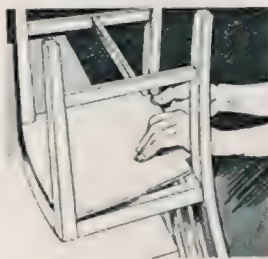
The first two prototypes of Bombardon were ready by the end of December, 1943. They were brought round to Newhaven and moored there for observation, but almost immediately came an unwelcome setback. A sudden gale sprang up and the units broke their backs. Fortunately, an initial structural weakness was soon tracked down. By the end of January, Admiral Tennant—the officer in charge of Mulberry—was able to report that the floating units were being materially strengthened, and would shortly undergo more intensive trials in Weymouth Bay.

The first full-scale trial of the floating breakwater took place on April 1 and 2, 1944. And it provided just the test Lochner had been hoping for. An onshore gale brought heavy seas, but the Bombardons cushioned the waves so effectively that in the lee of the lines of steel bastions the crew of an American minesweeper found it possible to lower a small boat, row

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OUR house was littered with piles of magazines until I found a way of storing them tidily beneath the seats of our dining-chairs. The seats in these chairs lift out and to the underside of each seat frame I nailed a hardboard base, making a box-like holder for a dozen

magazines. Before replacing the seats I tacked a short piece of tape to each so that they could be removed more easily. We each have a chair of our own in which we store our own magazines, so that we always know where to find them.—N. Cook, Winchester Road, London, E.4.

about, and then board the ship again without any difficulty.

When the gale subsided the officer in operational control of Bombardon signalled that the floating harbour had successfully withstood for ten hours a stress twice as great as the breakwater had been designed to meet, repelling waves eight feet high and two hundred feet long.

As each part of the prefabricated harbours was finished it had to be towed from the construction berth to make room for the next job. Finding suitable assembly areas for the vast conglomeration of harbour equipment was no easy problem, for there were sixty blockships, nearly one hundred and fifty Phoenix caissons, some hundred sections of the floating breakwater, and miles of pier roadway.

To keep them safe until they were needed the Phoenix units were sunk on the bed of the Channel. This operation was not as easy as it sounded, for the concrete monsters were most particular about what they sat on. Unless the sea bed was perfectly flat, and in shallow water, they were liable to crack and give endless trouble when the time came for the dispatching parties to pump them out and prepare them for their long journey.

Dungeness and Selsey were chosen as

included eight battleships and monitors, twenty-two cruisers, ninety-three destroyers, nearly 450 escorts and minesweepers, and 360 launches, torpedo boats and kindred craft; the berthing overflow extended to Milford Haven and Harwich, the Humber, Belfast and the Clyde.

To confuse the watchers on the enemy coast a cover plan was devised to suggest that the main landing would take place in the Pas-de-Calais, and the dumps of Phoenix caissons at Dungeness, easily visible from Boulogne, assisted in this deception.

In assessing the Allies' intentions, the enemy were decisively handicapped by the inability of their air reconnaissance units to maintain any proper survey over the south coast of England. Days went by without a single report of any value reaching the German headquarters.

Throughout this overture to Operation Overlord—the invasion of Normandy—the Wheezers and Dodgers were busy developing a variety of devices to confuse the enemy's radar from the moment the invasion fleet sailed. There were rockets and shells which emitted coils of aluminium wire to baffle the ranging of the German coastal batteries. To draw the enemy fire away from major targets another group of objects was produced simulating forces which did not, in fact, exist at all. Different types of reflector made quite small craft look like battleships on the radar screen, while cruisers appeared no bigger than fishing vessels.

The department designed special radar marking buoys to keep the Allies' bombarding ships dead on course during their night approach to the French coast. To the untrained observer these must have looked simple enough to make—just a large flag flying from a mast—but their effective operation depended on many highly technical factors. The state of the sea, the height of the reflector above the surface, and the direction of the wind relative to the German radar sets all had to be taken into account.

Donald Currie was kept busy with the camouflage of Bombardon and Pluto—the pipeline that would take fuel under the Channel—and the concealment of small craft hiding up in rivers and creeks as they waited for D-Day. At Birnbeck Pier, Weston-super-Mare, a department team headed by Alex Coulson and Duncan Bruce was putting the finishing touches to a device that was called Helter Skelter.

At the last minute the army had asked for some means of speeding up the transfer of men and their equipment from troopships to the decks of

the landing craft. Scrambling nets, they had decided, were far from satisfactory.

So the Wheezers and Dodgers designed a tube from which stretched a long, rubberized canvas chute. The far end of this could be held quite easily by two men standing on the deck of a landing craft; all that the soldier needed to do was to clamber in, feet first, and hurtle to the bottom.

THEY tried out the Helter Skelter at a factory in London, and after several apprehensive workmen had been dispatched to earth from the fourth floor of the building without injuring themselves the device was taken to Birnbeck for more searching tests. There they soon discovered that modifications were necessary, for when it was used by some soldiers with full kit one man tore a strip clean down the canvas tunnel with the foresight of his rifle; the rest of his platoon, following close behind, all fell straight into the sea.

Bruce removed this hazard by inserting a bonded canvas lining inside the main chute. This embodied a safety device to give prompt warning of any undue wear, and they now felt sufficiently confident to invite a detachment of American troops, quartered nearby, to give Helter Skelter a thorough trial.

Fifty American soldiers paraded at the end of the pier, and to the sergeant in charge of them Bruce explained what they had to do. The men were to enter the tube in quick succession and dive forty feet into a small boat moored below.

Walking to the edge of the pier, the sergeant took one look at the boat bobbing far beneath him, and declined Bruce's invitation.

So two of the department's team gave a demonstration. After that there was no holding the Americans, who spent the rest of the afternoon hurling themselves off the pier.

Helter Skelter was then passed for service, and Coulson supervised its installation on board a number of Castle Line troopships.

Meanwhile the Bombardon trials had continued, and as far as the Wheezers and Dodgers were concerned they had been a complete success. The floating breakwater would stand up to the weather conditions which the planners had specified. But Robert Lochner could not altogether rid himself of doubts about the safety margin which had been set. He asked for certain modifications to be made in the design of the Bombardon to guard against the possibility of a prolonged spell of really bad weather during the invasion. Unfortunately there was not the time or

ADVICE—I

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.

Terence

reception centres for the caissons, and as D-Day drew near they presented an amazing sight. The Phoenixes were as big as a block of flats. In Admiral Tennant's words it looked as if "someone had picked up Chicago and put it down on the Sussex foreshore." Additional parking areas were found for about five miles of pier roadway at Peel Bank and Marchwood, opposite Southampton, and the scene in the Solent was equally bizarre, the towering pier heads suggesting that some vast factory had suddenly risen from the water.

With such an array of ships and strange marine objects assembling off the south coast of England it seemed inconceivable that the enemy should remain ignorant of what was afoot. The naval forces alone taking part in the assault phase of the invasion

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the staff available to do all that he considered necessary.

The morning of June 4 brought warning of gales in the Channel, and after anxiously studying the meteorological reports General Eisenhower took his historic decision to postpone the invasion by twenty-four hours. At 8.15 p.m. on the same day he issued a new order. The assault on the coast of France would be launched on June 6.

Five hours before zero hour a force of small craft left Newhaven and headed towards Dieppe, towing a number of the department's radar "foxing" devices. By simulating an earlier attack to the eastward they hoped to draw off attention from the Bay of Caen, and the R.A.F. co-operated in this manoeuvre.

John Dove, one of the department's officers, also had twelve minesweepers flying "magic balloons." These anchored off Selsey Bill until H-Hour arrived, and then went over with the heavy ships forming the bombarding force. When the cruisers opened up on the distant shore batteries the minesweepers circled in the smoke screen to draw the fire of the enemy.

The assault force had forty-five Hedgerows—rocket weapons designed by the department to clear beach minefields. The small landing craft (L.C.A.s) in which they were mounted were, unhappily, ill-equipped to face the conditions they encountered during their approach to France. Of one flotilla of nine, eight sank in heavy seas, but the Hedgerows which reached the beaches on time did magnificent work.

L.C.A. 712 had an adventurous passage. While still off the Isle of Wight she sustained damage from the rising seas; then there was difficulty in slipping the tow; and no sooner had she arrived on their assault station than the armoured doors were blown inwards by a six-inch shell. Under heavy small arms fire the crew pressed home their attack, and saw their salvo of bombs explode half-way up the beach near Bernières church.

L.C.A. 1071 had an even more eventful time. She shipped a considerable amount of water on the voyage, and the tow eventually parted. At 7.45 a.m., however, she was in position off the enemy shore and the captain sighted his target—a gap in the sea

ADVICE—2

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Swift

wall filled with sandbags and overlooked by a prominent landmark, a green house.

He held on his course, and narrowly missing a beach obstacle with a mine attached to its top he fired his Hedgerow. "As we turned I saw the bombs burst in and beyond the wall. Immediately we came under heavy small arms fire from the green house and several bullets passed through our ensign." In seas which constantly threatened to capsize her, L.C.A. 1071 struggled back to the rendezvous with her parent ship and was hoisted in-board.

L.C.A. 876 was taken in so close that she was almost aground when she fired. Her Hedgerow bombs blew a tremendous breach in the sea wall, and as she withdrew her crew watched Allied tanks forging through the gap.

Soon after 7 a.m. the cliff-scaling gear designed by the department was used in action. Three companies of the U.S. Rangers stormed ashore at Pointe du Hoc, three miles west of Omaha Beach, where an almost sheer cliff confronted them. At first sight it looked impregnable, and the Germans, thinking that no one would be able to climb it, had left the immediate vicinity only lightly defended.

The Rangers shot up their Rocket

Grapnels and under covering fire from two destroyers they rapidly scaled the cliff face. The Merryweather fire escape ladders that had been adapted for use in amphibious ducks also came into action, and a subsequent attack on the enemy's defensive positions from the rear enabled the invaders to achieve a notable tactical success.

The Allies had expected to fight every inch of the way ashore on that morning of D-Day. In many sectors, however, the initial opposition was slight. The tremendous bombardment by sea and air failed to destroy the well-protected enemy batteries but it forced their guns' crews to take cover.

The first of all the five thousand ships and craft to move in the invasion were the blockships. These veteran vessels, which were to form the Gooseberry shelters—shallow-water anchorages—were so old and so slow that many of them had had to begin their long journey from northern ports six days before D-Day.

Their best speed was less than six knots, but every one reached her destination on time. There was some anxiety whether they would go down on an even keel; if they turned over with their masts inwards they might obstruct the harbour. So they were ballasted, and charges were placed in each hold. These were blown simultaneously and each blockship settled down at precisely the right angle.

By the time the last blockships were being sunk, the Phoenix caissons for Mulberry were arriving. Their placing, too, was no easy matter. The tide had to be slack, and the wind light. And when the sea cocks were opened the tugs had to hold the monsters extremely accurately as they subsided on the bottom.

The placing of the Bombardons was carried out by a fleet of carriers, net layers and boom defence vessels. The first lay took place on D-Day plus 1; by D-Day plus 6 the floating breakwater at Mulberry A was complete, and within twenty-four hours the Bombardons off the British harbour were also safely moored.

Although the laying of the units had proceeded without a hitch the Wheezers and Dodgers were disturbed at a late decision to install the units as a single line, and not in double lines, as successfully tried at Weymouth. They were also anchored a good deal deeper than had been originally intended.

On the day after the breakwater at Arromanches had been finished Lochner and Denys Richardson, the scientific head of the Wheezers and Dodgers, crossed to France to examine it. It was blowing hard, and quite an appreciable sea was running, but the Bombardons were not pitching or rolling seriously. The water on the lee side was calm; the waves being cut down to as little as eighteen inches. Above the long line of metal casings hung a cloud of spray rising to twenty feet—visible proof that the units were repulsing the oncoming waves.

For the first fortnight the blockships and the floating breakwaters provided practically all the sheltered water used by the invading forces. During that period a great host of men and vast quantities of stores were successfully landed, and a supply position was established on shore sufficient to secure the bridgehead against any counter-attack which the Germans might launch.

But the harbours were not yet complete. In all one and a half million tons of harbour equipment had to be brought across the Channel—an operation calling for 150 Allied tugs—and although by D-Day plus 12 most of the Phoenix caissons were in position the weather had held up some of the more difficult tows. The massive sections of pier roadway gave the greatest trouble. They did not enjoy being towed unless the sea was nearly dead calm and great struggles went on to keep them afloat during their ninety-mile voyage.

At least seven miles of this pier roadway was still waiting on the English side, and with this problem on his hands Admiral Tennant was greatly



relieved when Sunday, June 18, brought "a wonderful, calm summer evening . . . so calm in fact that I could follow a ripple right the way to the horizon."

As he left the beachhead in a destroyer a signal informed him that twenty-three tows of roadway, pier-head components and Phoenix units had just set sail for the French coast. "I remember thinking that my staff had done well to take prompt advantage of the new trend in the weather," he recalls. "The met. report was excellent, with a high barometer and a good forecast."

That very night, a sudden and disastrous change occurred. A warm front had been moving north from the Gulf of Lions and without warning the great invasion fleet and the still unfinished harbours were struck by the worst gale the Channel had known for forty years.

Heading straight into the maelstrom, the mass of pier equipment still on its way to France had no hope of riding the storm. Only one and a half tows survived. Freshening all the time a violent north-easterly wind drove mountainous seas on to the two Mulberries, and the spring tides aggravated the situation, for there was deeper water inside the harbours.

Hundreds of landing craft managed to get under the lee of the blockships, and there the crews held on desperately, with little food, sleep or even rest. Hundreds more, less fortunate, were driven ashore.

The American harbour at St. Laurent suffered worst. Mulberry A had been built very quickly, but it had been placed in somewhat deeper water than the planners had intended, and it was, in any case, in a much more exposed position than the British harbour at Arromanches, the latter being partially protected by the Calvados Reef.

Although only four Phoenix units disintegrated at Mulberry B, the Americans' main Phoenix breakwater at Mulberry A, sited at a different angle, suffered a frontal assault from the waves, and rapidly broke up. The chaos of Mulberry A was multiplied by the fact that the harbour had been crammed to overflowing with ships. Many of these, breaking adrift, bore down on the piers, sinking the floating supports, and crumpling the steel roadways like paper.

What of Bombardon? From the start of the gale these outer bastions of the two harbours were pounded by seas over fifteen feet high and three hundred feet long. The stress set up was far beyond that which they had been designed to meet. But for thirty hours the steel curtain stood this ferocious battering. Thereafter the gale made a clean sweep.

The storm was still raging when

Admiral Tennant sent Lochner over in a motor launch to obtain an estimate of the damage. Lochner arrived with his colleague Robin Byng to find ships galore piled up on the Calvados Reef. One end of Mulberry B was breaking up fast, but fortunately the British blockships had been planted almost entirely in the natural shelter of the reef.

The ultimate failure of Bombardon there had apparently started with the collapse of the structure of one particular unit. After that the added strain on the bolted parts of the others had caused inevitable and progressive disintegration. At Mulberry A it seemed that a coupling connecting one of the Bombardons to its moorings had first given way.

After the gale had spent itself it was decided that it was out of the question to attempt to rebuild the American harbour in its original form. The Americans therefore readily agreed to strengthen and expand the harbour at Arromanches with all the pier equipment which could be salvaged from St. Laurent.

WHEN it was finally completed on D-Day plus 40 the harbour at Arromanches was a truly remarkable enterprise. Two miles long by a mile broad, it was maintained by a force of more than five thousand officers and men of the Royal Navy, and a fleet of hundreds of specialized craft, including port construction ships, boom defence vessels, tankers, ferries, floating cranes and floating docks. The harbour was defended against air attack by nearly two hundred army guns, as well as the guns of the fleet; on the eastern flank two miles of nets acted as a trap for infernal machines, long-range torpedoes, one-man submarines and drifting mines.

At Arromanches Swiss Roll—the department's floating bridge—was in continual use as the Royal Navy's own pier for bringing ashore men and supplies. But the floating bridge had already played a far more important part in the success of the invasion as an instrument in the cover plan for misleading the enemy over Allied intentions. The knowledge that this highly mobile type of sea bridge was in production was one of many factors which contributed to German indecision over the likely point of assault.

On July 23 the prime minister visited Mulberry B, and on his return to England he paid his own eloquent tribute. "This miraculous port has played, and will continue to play, a most important part in the liberation of Europe," he signalled to the naval officer in charge of Arromanches.

In the making of that port the Wheezers and Dodgers had played their

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part, too. For them this was the last chapter. Mulberry Harbour was the threshold of occupied Europe. And once the armies of liberation had crossed that threshold the end of the long struggle was in sight.

The Wheezers and Dodgers had been born under the gunfire of Dunkirk. During that last desperate stand on French soil John Dove was flying anti-aircraft kites in a vain endeavour to check low-level attacks by the Luftwaffe on the beachhead.

Four years later Dove—one of the founder members of the Wheezers and Dodgers—landed once again on the shores of France on the morning of D-Day. He had just finished a mission in which other more ingenious kinds of kite—this time created by naval scientists, and flown from craft under his command—had assisted in the confusion of the enemy.

As he stood on the beach near Arromanches, watching the troops and guns pouring ashore, a young Wheezers and Dodgers officer in battledress shouted a welcome. It was Ron Eades, who told him of the Rangers' success with the Rocket Grapnel in their cliff assault farther to the east.

"What are you going to do now?" Eades asked.

"The war's just about over for me," said Dove. "I think I shall go back to England, get into plain clothes, and go fishing. What about you?"

"I have to go to Bayeux, but I shan't be far behind you. See you later," Eades said to him.

He saluted in farewell, and Dove stood watching him as he strode quickly away up the beach to rejoin a party of waiting Americans.

Lieutenant Eades never came back. Later that morning he was killed in action as the Allied armies drove inland from the beachhead. . . .

IN 1953 the Wheezers and Dodgers held their first reunion at a restaurant in the Strand. The news of their gathering had somehow got about, and the restaurant's proprietors were a little apprehensive. Surely these were the eccentric scientists whose pockets were invariably crammed with high explosives?

But when the guests arrived they all looked reassuringly respectable. The chair was taken by Charles Goodeve, the first scientific head of the department and now the director of the British Iron and Steel Research Association. Charles Goodeve had been knighted for his scientific services to the Royal Navy. Supporting him were Denys Richardson, head of the Nuffield Research Group at Imperial College, South Kensington, and Nevil Shute Norway, author of many best-selling novels.

Among the large company were Alec Menhinick, back from adventures as a shark fisherman in the Seychelles; Jock Davies, retired from the sea and farming in Surrey; and Edward Guggenheim, Professor of Chemistry at Reading University.

The waiters agreed among themselves that they had rarely seen a more dignified and decorous assembly—at least until the chairman called upon Denys Richardson for a speech.

"Gentlemen," said Richardson, "we were often accused—rather unjustifiably, I always thought—of endangering our neighbours in the Admiralty with unorthodox experiments. By a strange coincidence, only yesterday I found this in a drawer in my laboratory. . . ."

Rummaging in his pockets he produced what appeared to be a small shell, and as he held it up his fellow guests stared at it a trifle uneasily. "It's one of the old Mark VIII starshells which, you may remember, gave us a bit of trouble towards the end of the war, and I thought it might be interesting to see if this one will still function after all these years. . . ."

Placing the object upright on the table in front of him he raised the chairman's gavel and struck it a sharp blow. The waiters fled. But, to the great relief of the Wheezers and Dodgers, there was no explosion. THE END

"Wizards At War" will be published by Harrap in October as "The Secret War, 1939-1945."



The bonus man

Continued from page 12

come, too. There's a lovely woodland path across the bottom."

She smiled. "But now, you see, my man and his wife have moved to town and I haven't been able to find anyone else. You can't blame them. It's better pay, and they said it was lonely living here. I suppose it is, but I could never leave it. It's so beautiful—I do love the seasons. This spring, isn't it just wonderful the way nature always keeps her promises?"

Stagg found himself agreeing with her, agreeing with the way she thought, the way she felt. And she seemed so quietly grateful all the time to have someone to talk with. The whole evening made him feel strangely tender.

She served coffee by the fire in the large front room. The wireless was playing softly and their conversation lagged. The orchestra swung into a peppy dance tune. "Oh, music is fun," she said.

Stagg stood up in a cheerful glow. A sudden rush of gallantry was on him. "Madam," he said, "may I have the pleasure?"

She looked startled, then stood up shyly and moved into his arms. Stagg found his old assurance, and the music fired his dancing into pleasure. Yet with a difference, for the old hug-and-squeeze routine, and the light patter, didn't come.

The music changed to a slow waltz. The orchestra hung to the music and they swung slowly about the room.

"Thank you," she said when it was over. "You're very kind."

Stagg found himself saying good-night. The moment was so delicate he was frightened of breaking the spell.

He lay in his room in the dark, much later, with his eyes still wide with the

delicate wonder of this strange, impossible night. Had he held her a moment too long, when the waltz was ended? He hoped very hard that he had not.

Stagg lay there and looked at himself long and soberly. The bonus man, the biggest and toughest representative on the road in Herefordshire, to his good, grey father, as bent as a willow, bent over the earth. "You've got a green thumb, John-lad," his father had said, "you should live on the land."

The evergreens and roses sent their fragrance through his room, and behind them, more distantly, he could smell the clover and the farm smells. They brought his childhood back. Stagg went to sleep smiling.

HE woke early, with the sunlight piercing the curtains. He felt rested and his head was clear. He lay in bed thinking. For the first time since he could remember he hadn't ended up the night in some bar or public house.

Shaving in the bathroom, Stagg smelled bacon frying. He felt his appetite mount with the smell of it. It was a morning full of quickness. Quickness and vitality, and a strange new feeling of truth inside himself. It made him feel casual, even careless. He nicked his chin with his razor and grinned wryly to see the quick blood.

Mrs. Jethroe was standing at the foot of the stairs as he came down. "Good morning. I was just about to call you," she said. "Breakfast is ready."

She stood there fresh and smiling, brightening the shadows of the cool hallway. "I thought we might just eat in the kitchen, if you don't mind. It's lovely and sunny on that side of the house in the morning, and I'm rather proud of my kitchen."

"Delighted!" Stagg said. "As if



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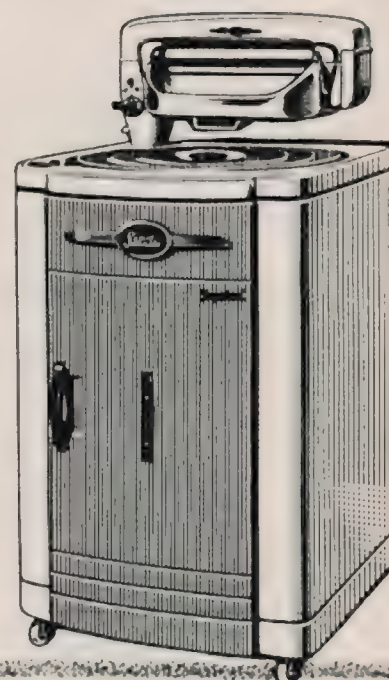
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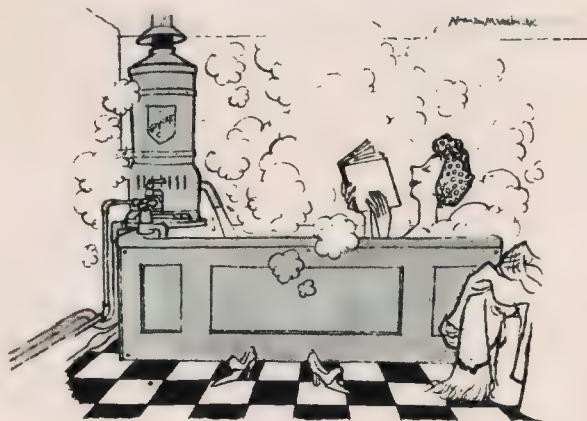
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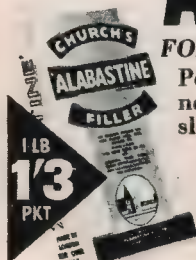
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my nose wouldn't lead me to that bacon. You'd have to lock me away."

"I hope you'll like it. Did you sleep well?" She led him down the long hall past the dining-room.

"Like a baby," Stagg said. And he could say it with conviction.

"I'm so glad."

The door opened on to her kitchen, large, beautifully white in the sunlight. Stagg noticed that everything was bright, modern and glisteningly clean.

"Why, it's right out of a model home," he said.

"Do you really like it?" She seemed as pleased as a child. "It was my wedding present from my husband. It's been such a joy. I just wish I had more reason to use it."

"He must have loved you very much," Stagg said.

"We were very close." The remark created a little silence. She shook it off.

"But come. Do sit down," she said. He said clumsily: "You seem so young to be a widow. It's a shame."

"I'm thirty-four," she said simply. "We had six years together and were very happy. My husband married very late. He was a good deal older than I. But he was a wonderful companion."

Stagg suddenly wanted to keep his mouth too full to talk. He had been a fool to probe. It wasn't curiosity in him only; there was an interest deeper than that, he knew.

"The bacon really is good," was all he could think to say.

But it was she, now, who seemed to persist in the direction of talk he had started them on. "I do see what you mean, though," she said. She looked about her at her kitchen. "I often think it is a shame, such a lovely home, and no one to share it with. That's why, you know, I decided to offer bed and breakfast. That's the reason for my new sign."

"Am I really your . . . your 'first,' as you put it last night?"

"I'm afraid you are." She smiled, but then her face showed sudden concern. "I do hope everything has been all right?"

"Oh yes! Marvellous!" he said hastily.

His reassurance seemed to help. She

ADVICE—3

Good advice is one of those injuries which a good man ought, if possible, to forgive, but at all events to forget at once.

Horace Smith

smiled again. "And yet," she said, "it is a bit silly, isn't it, to launch out on this business just now, when the by-pass is nearing completion, and there will be no traffic through this little road at all."

Stagg looked helplessly at his cup. Then her precious kindness came over him in a wave, for she quietly took his cup and poured him another cup of tea, as though that had been the thought on his mind all the while.

"Are you in a rush to be off?" she asked. "If you'd care to look about the place? The apple trees are beginning to blossom. And I would like to show you the horses."

He looked at the kitchen clock and automatically checked his watch. Half past eight. He should be on the road.

He looked at her across the table. "No rush at all," he said gruffly.

She led the way out through the back door. Stagg offered her a cigarette, but she smiled and shook her head. He lighted one for himself, striking the match almost angrily, strangely turbulent. *Simmer down, old boy*, he thought to himself.

The dogs joined them as they approached the stable yard, tongues lolling, with clover burrs sticking to the long hair on their underbellies.

"There's some combing to be done," she laughed. "Well, boy, well, girl! Been for a good run?"

The white rail fence bordered the

orchard. The blossoms were humming with hovering bees, and danced on the lick of breeze in the sun and the blue sky. Stagg leaned against the fence, with Mrs. Jethroe and the dogs beside him, and felt quieted.

The stable was clean, with plenty of feed in the bins, but the stalls needed shovelling out. She needed help. The horses were two beautiful bays, one with a white forelock and a pale mane, the other darkening to chocolate on the flanks.

"Good morning, Betty. Good morning, May. Meet Mr. Stagg." She stroked the nose of the pale horse.

STAGG moved closer. The chocolate horse craned its neck and nuzzled at his pocket.

"Oh! She wants some sugar." Mrs. Jethroe blinked through her smile, then looked quickly away.

"Sorry, old girl," Stagg said to the horse, trying to find heartiness in his voice. He felt almost as though he was trespassing. But the horse pranced away a fly, then rested its long jaw on his cheek. The gesture eased him; it was as though affection grew everywhere on the farm.

Mrs. Jethroe was speaking. "It is nice to have you here," she said.

"You're very kind. Indeed, you're too kind." His voice was husky.

They made their way back to the house, and Stagg went to his room, picked up his things and left a pound note in an envelope on the chest of drawers. He didn't know how much the charge would be, but felt it would be too embarrassing to ask.

She and the dogs were waiting in front of the house. He went up to her and said: "Mrs. Jethroe, you have been so kind. I can't tell you what a rare night it, has been." His little attempt at a speech sounded curiously empty and flat.

"I should have had a guest book for you to sign," she said. "I really must be more business-like," she laughed. "I'm sorry."

"If you were, I should probably never want to come again," he said.

"And you do?"

"Most assuredly," he said. He added: "For your guest book, when you get it, it's John Stagg . . . aged forty-two." He thought his grin must look frightfully foolish.

"Margaret Jethroe," she said.

Somehow he got into his car and drove away. The dogs barked along beside him as far as the road. When he turned, he looked back, and she was waving.

The little road wound along, descending slowly from the crest. He passed a milk cart with a boy on the tail gate leaning against the cans. Stagg surprised himself by waving as he passed.

The sunlight played across the road ahead, and the little car came out from under the trees of the winding road. Below, and to his left, Stagg saw a roundabout and the main road. The raw, new road ran across the land, cutting through a hillside far before him. Cars and lorries were pulling out from the city, into the roundabout and accelerating on the road, disappearing quickly into the distance. In the foreground a huge scraper was grinding away at its work on the one leg of the by-pass not completed.

Stagg pulled up on the little road, above the busy roundabout. There he was, about to rejoin the stream. Should he plunge ahead, down with his heavy foot, should he win the race? The whole Italian Riviera, was it worth as much as this one Berkshire night?

He thought about the bonus man of yesterday, when the road-worker had flagged him down and diverted his car to the detour.

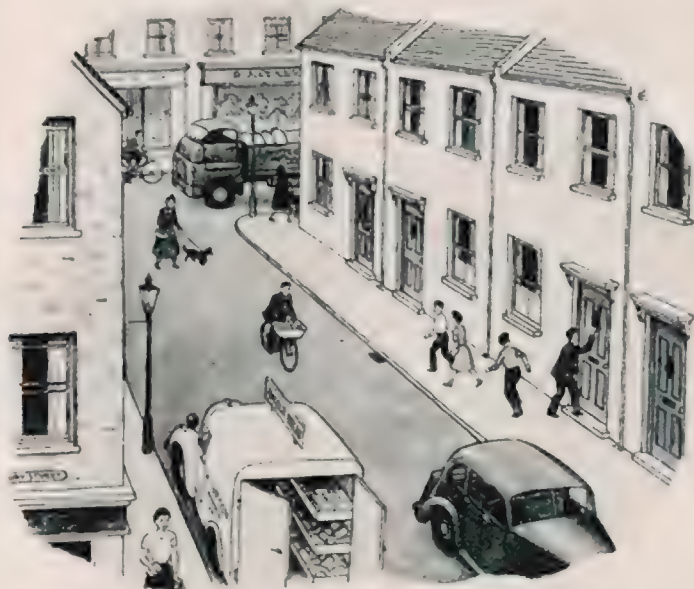
The man now seemed to have nodded at him in such a knowing way. Was there a truth which the roadman had learned, flagging down the swift cars, a truth which Stagg had not known the night before?

Slowly, deliberately, and more sure inside himself than he had ever been before, Stagg put his car in gear and turned on the little road above the busy highway. Turned and wound again back up the hill, past the milk cart, towards the crest.

THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPIITT

Softly fell a feather

Continued from page 27

a marriage gift, the *faridah* questioned by the divorce courts.

Chafik hammered on the gate. An old woman, a servant, opened and said in a frightened voice: "What do you police want? My lady has retired."

"You sound instructed," the inspector said. He went into a well-kept patio and stood a moment, drinking in the fragrance of night-blooming flowers. "There is much beauty behind the barred doors of Baghdad," he said with pleasure. "Also mystery," he added, and indicated a shadow flattened to a wall.

Abdullah dragged into the light a young man who wailed: "I'm only a visitor . . . I was leaving." He had a sullen mouth, narrow, furtive eyes, and the dark grace of a panther.

The inspector looked at the youth with distaste: "Can this be the delight of women with middle-aged husbands?" he said. "I know you, Mr. Maqsum Majib. Because of you the divorce courts question Mrs. Shaddock's right to this property—"

"Such unfairness!" protested Majib. "I only help to work the estate. I—"

A shadow loomed up and Chafik turned and made a salaam to an unveiled lady who stood as tall as Juno. She was of an age when a woman has the startling beauty of autumn edged with regret for the spring.

"What is this talk?" she demanded in a strong voice. "Majib spoke the truth. He works this land as my overseer, yet the courts have decided against me."

"But the news is not yet public," Chafik said softly. "I heard it only a little time ago. Who told you, lady?"

"My husband."

"He was here?"

"You know well, you came to arrest him." The strong voice rang with rage. "You sent the false message telling Ali I wished to see him. A trap!"

The inspector was startled. Forgetful of manners, he lit a cigarette without asking the lady's permission. "Why should I want to arrest your husband?" he asked.

"Ali said he had done something. He did not explain, but he said he was going to confess. The fool babbled

some nonsense about prison being cleansing," the wife of Ali Shaddock added with contempt.

Chafik thought: *Yet rumour would have it that he damned himself by taking his life. . . .* He said: "What else did he tell you?"

"The decision of the courts. He said, too, that he would make me an allowance." The woman added grudgingly. "In many ways he was a just man. . . ."

"I hear regret in your voice, madame; possibly remorse. . . ."

"I hear a snake's hiss in yours." "They always say that about me," Chafik said. He watched the woman with hooded eyes. "When did Mr. Shaddock leave you?"

"Perhaps an hour ago." "And was your overseer hidden on the premises at the time?"

The woman towered dangerously and the little inspector retreated behind the bulk of his sergeant.

"Majib came later . . . later!" the woman said.

"I was at a café," shouted the youth. "The Pleasant Hours. A café up the river—"

"The place recently mentioned by somebody," Chafik said thoughtfully. He crushed his cigarette under a heel and then stooped, with instinctive tidiness, to pick up the stub.

Still crouched, he saw the legs of Majib's trousers. They were oddly crumpled for a young fop. The inspector reached, touched the fabric and announced: "Wet!" in the voice of an accuser.

"I stumbled into an irrigation ditch," Majib said hurriedly. "It was so dark, I—"

"Strange you should not know the pitfalls of the lands you work."

MADAME SHADDOCK came between Chafik and Majib. "Your questions, like fish-hooks, are barbed," she said. "Why are you here?"

He let silence lengthen before he replied: "Madam, do you not know that a detestable individual like myself always walks at death's heels? Your husband drowned after he left you. . . ."

The wife of Ali Shaddock shrieked, put hands to her piled hair, tore it down and was constrained by the inspector when she sought to beat her head against the wall. The excessive grief did not surprise him. He knew that the women of his country often



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employed histrionics and the purdah veil to hide their true emotions.

"Your tears are matched pearls and would have enriched your poor husband if you had only shed them whilst he lived," he told Madame Shaddock, and gave her into the keeping of the old woman who had opened the door.

"You don't seem very keen to comfort your lady," he reproached Majib.

"I didn't know her husband was here. I was in the café. Besides, all Baghdad knew he was going to do away with himself—"

"Did I say he *didn't*?" asked Chafik.

He kept his eyes on Madame Shaddock, who was staring at Majib with horror, and perhaps fear. Then, all at once, the magnificent body crumpled and the servant led her away.

Watching, the inspector felt compassion born of understanding. She had come to a place in life where she stood on the crest of the hill and felt panic at the descent of the quick years. She was a woman who had no children to compensate for the lost vanities of youth. No children, and now no husband, and she knew her lover to be craven. Whatever her guilt, she had paid dearly.

Chafik sighed and turned to the young man and said: "Go to your café of the Pleasant Hours." And, moved to anger, he contemptuously slapped the youth's cheek. . . .

The sergeant stopped the car. He said: "The detestable individual you slapped was eager to establish an alibi."

"You will check it, Abdullah." Chafik opened the gate to the forecourt of his house, and the squeaking hinges reminded him that they needed oiling.

"All that talk about Shaddock's doing away with himself . . . as noisy as this gate," he complained. "Too well publicized, that suicide. . . ."

"Indubitably," agreed Sergeant Abdullah.

"Somebody was very anxious to make us believe it. . . ."

THE dark eyes of the sergeant and the strangely flat ones of the inspector met. Abdullah said: "We must discover how the rumour started, sir. . . ."

"Yes, but booted policemen with blunt questions, or furtive agents with oily insinuations will get us nowhere. Rumour is a sly, night-living thing; the trail it leaves is tenuous, as fragile as a spider's thread. . . ." Chafik paused and then added decisively: "We will begin where the trail ended . . . with my son."

"But, sir," the sergeant protested. "Faisal heard the story from his friends, the bazaar boys. I'll get him to trace it back through them."

The inspector went into the house. Faisal took his shoes and placed them under the hall table, and then humbly presented a slipper. "By your command, my Father! It is for that spanking I'm to get—"

Chafik said fondly: "Honeycakes!" and gave Faisal a package. "And there is important business to discuss with you, my small captain of the Most Irregular Army of Little Ears. . . ."

Inspector Chafik sat in his office overlooking Rashid Street. He lit a fresh cigarette and stared at the reports on his desk.

There was proof that the bruise on Shaddock's neck had been made by a weighty object. Medical opinion said he had been partially stunned, then dragged into the river.

"They drowned him like a helpless kitten," Chafik said in disgust.

Abdullah, entering unobtrusively, asked: "Who are 'they,' sir?"

"The prize for that question is a hangman's noose. But we have no clues, nothing that points to any of them," the inspector said plaintively.

He frowned. "There is Majib. He was obviously planning to marry the lady for her property. He had every reason to get rid of Shaddock before the divorce was final—"

"But the courts had decided, sir—"

"Majib had not heard the decision," Chafik said. "And she could have been a party to the deed. Worse . . . she

might have done it herself. She is strong enough, was infatuated enough." The little man sighed. "And then there's Fahay. . . ."

"The gentleman who discovered the body, sir?"

"A report from Basrah states he is a minor port official. He checks goods coming into port against the importer's licence. Therefore—"

"Shaddock dealt in contraband. Fahay could have forged documents to release goods from bond." Abdullah was rarely excited.

"You leap on a theory with the frenzy of a honey-drunk bee in a clump of honeysuckle, Abdullah. True, Shaddock had an illegal trade. Poor man, he was tempted when he thought he had to pay the *faridah*. Then the courts decided in his favour and his worries were over. But God had given him a conscience; so, as he told his wife, he decided to confess."

"And was killed to silence his tongue!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"There you go again, you too-busy bee, you!" Chafik said peevishly. "We have nothing against Mr. Fahay. The port directorate where he works is a department weighty with paperwork, bottomless filing cabinets. It would take a lifetime to uncover evidence—if there is any."

He added wearily: "My hopes hang on the fragile thread of the suicide rumour. If I knew who started it, if my son would only bring news. . . ."

Abdullah said briskly: "Faisal has had his chance. Permit me to—"

Chafik put a finger to his lips. "Sh-h! I think news arrives."

There was an uproar in the corridor, the thump of boots, the shrill voice of a boy, the gruff one of a man. Then Faisal came in, firmly held by the guard who said with satisfaction: "He did not pass me this time."

"This time," Chafik said dryly, "I expected my son. Release him."

When the crestfallen officer left, Chafik sat back in his chair, laced his fingers, closed his eyes and rasped: "Report!"

Faisal began: "The story that Mr. Shaddock would kill himself was told me by George, one of my men, the one that's got red hair . . . George's father was an English soldier—"

"Confine yourself to the rumour," interrupted Chafik.

"Yes, my father. George heard from Ali of the One Eye, who was told by Haik the Armenian who had it from Yusif. And Yusif, when I asked him, remembered he'd been told by Murad the Porter, who said he'd heard it from Ishak the Ferryman, and—"

"Do you bring all the population of Baghdad into this?"

"I near the end," said Faisal. "Ishak brought the tale from across the river. He heard it in a café—"

"What is the name of the café?"

"It is called the Pleasant Hours, my Father. . . ."

The inspector's eyes opened. He exclaimed: "I hear that café mentioned

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37



YOUNGSTERS who bang door knockers and run away are committing an offence, says a barrister-at-law. In London they can be fined £2 and in the provinces the penalty is a £2 fine or fourteen days. In 1862 a clerk who was trying to deliver some papers rang a front door bell for half an hour late at night. He was sentenced to fourteen days.



a third time," and lapsed into silence. Faisal and Sergeant Abdullah waited side by side. Time passed. When the inspector finally looked up, he said: "My little captain of the Army of the Ears . . . do you recall the parable I told you about the chicken?"

"Yes, my father. There was a chicken, and it plucked out one feather and all the other chickens said it had lost many and—"

"Go," said Chafik, "and drop a feather very softly to George, who will tell Ali, who will tell Haik, who . . . oh, just let it be known that Mr. Shaddock did not take his life, he was murdered."

"His throat was cut? There was blood?" Faisal asked breathlessly.

"Go!" said the inspector. . . .

Next day Chafik went to the office; greeted nobody, and sat as before. They brought him reports. Abdullah said: "Sir, it is said all over Baghdad that Mr. Shaddock was murdered—"

"He was."

The inspector was silent for an hour, and then said: "Bring me the captain of the Little Ears."

Faisal came in. "Go," Chafik rasped, "and drop another feather. Let all Baghdad know that precisely at six o'clock tomorrow evening I shall arrive at the café of the Pleasant Hours to arrest the killer of Mr. Shaddock."

Faisal clapped and asked: "Can I come too?"

"Go!"

When Faisal went, Sergeant Abdullah risked reprimand. "Sir! I am ignorant of your intentions, but it does appear the murderer will be alarmed by this latest rumour. He will become dangerous—"

"Murder," announced the inspector, "is not the prerogative of the male sex. Danger, however, is the prerogative of the police."

The third day he was early at his desk, but he did no routine work. He sat and stared at the wall.

He thought about the feather of rumours. He hoped and feared that, somewhere, someone who dealt in death would accept the appointment he had made. And he knew himself to be afraid.

The sergeant came to him at the hour of *Asr*, the later afternoon prayer. He said: "Majib is drinking heavily—"

"It will corrode his liver. Then he will die. Good!"

"The man, Fahay, cancelled his flight to Basrah this morning—"

"Doubtless he finds the fleshpots of Baghdad hard to leave."

"The woman, Madame Shaddock," said Abdullah, "has been seen walking in the date grove, as one obsessed—"

"She either mourns her husband or her lover," said the inspector.

When he left for the café, the inspector refused a car and walked, with

Abdullah at his side. The streets were freshly watered, night hunting birds dived out of a golden sky, and fingers of shadow caressed the blue domes and flat roof-tops of the city. To the west it was already dark.

A policeman on traffic duty saluted and called: "Good fortune, sir!" A beggar at the foot of the great bridge that crossed the Tigris cupped a hand for alms and mumbled: "A thousand sons. May you take the evil one who killed Shaddock. . . ."

Out of nowhere darted a small boy, red-headed and freckled, who touched the inspector's hand, gave a toothless smile and announced: "We will be there to help you." He hitched up a ragged gown and ran ahead.

"Without doubt that is Faisal's man, George," said Chafik.

He stopped in the middle of the bridge and wiped his forehead. Sergeant Abdullah looked at him with understanding and said in a strained voice: "An abnormally hot night, sir."

"On the contrary, it is abnormally cool. I perspire because I am frightened. Even the shrilling of the birds becomes the whistle of an assassin's bullets. My knees are weak. I am a coward."

"You go to the rendezvous, sir, not away from it."

"Thank you, Abdullah. You are right. Fear is not a synonym for cowardice."

"You expect the individual to be there?" asked the sergeant.

"I have used a powerful magnet," said Chafik.

BEYOND the bridge was a broad way blined with cafés. The inspector walked slowly and watchfully. At his side bulked Abdullah, the flap of his holster open and his hand ready, like the inflated hood of a cobra raised for a strike.

"Walk well behind me," Chafik said sharply. "Even the innocent would swoon at the sight of you."

He increased his pace and came to a great arch, a monument to past glory. Opposite was a café. The green benches set out under dusty locust trees were crowded, and the din filled the night. As the little man crossed the road, it stopped.

He came to a group of women, alike in shapeless black robes worn with a fold over the head to hide the face. One woman stood apart. She was Junoesque, and Chafik thought: *There could be a gun under that "chaddur"!* He reprimanded his undisciplined legs as he went by Madame Shaddock.

Then he was stopped by a man hardly to be recognized, the once handsome face was so raddled, a man who shrieked: "I didn't! I didn't!"

"What?" asked Chafik.

"I didn't kill Shaddock! She killed

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of my Tom!

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him!" Majib's voice was the screech of fear in the night. "She knew I wouldn't marry her unless she had title to the estate. These old women! What they'll do—"

The inspector stood tip-toe and, using the inside of his forearms, hit Majib right, then left, on the side of the head. It was a merciless battering and, when the youth collapsed, Chafik said with disgust: "The thing you've murdered is your manhood."

Beyond, Mr. Fahay sat alone at a table. The man from Basrah looked very old. His mouth worked and his olive eyes stared.

The inspector said: "You and I, Mr. Fahay, both perspire on a cool night. We are equally afraid." He went and stood at the table and his hands pressed the marble top for support. "You were courteous to keep the appointment. However, I thought you would. You were very curious when we first met."

The man from Basrah said nothing. "I admire your quick thinking," continued Chafik. "The constable on patrol almost caught you drowning Shaddock, so you pretended you were making a rescue. And that rumour you spread in advance about suicide was excellently planned, although overdone. Of course you knew Shaddock's confession would give you away?"

"He—he confessed?" The olive eyes were dazed. "I—I don't understand. He wrote me that he was going to, but said he'd wait—to give me a chance to get out of the country. I was sure I was in time to."

The bewildered mumbling stopped, the man's eyes widened with knowledge of what he had admitted.

Chafik said: "How unthankful of you to kill such a thoughtful partner!" "I had a fortune at stake," cried the man from Basrah. "You devil! Satan's son!" he shouted, and brought his hand out from under the table.

The inspector looked into the eye of an automatic. His slight body blocked the marksmanship of Sergeant Abdullah, who by order had stopped at the café entrance.

Chafik thought of Leila, of Faisal, of the long years behind him and the brief seconds before him. He was aware of coffee brewing somewhere and of the sweet odour of the trees and the flowers in nearby gardens.

He told Mr. Fahay: "The hangman can stretch your neck only once. Therefore, secularly speaking, you lose nothing if you kill me."

Chafik watched the trigger finger tighten. There was a lump in his throat. He continued in a strong

ADVICE—4

**To ask advice is in nine cases
out of ten to tout for
flattery.**

Churton Collins

voice: "But your soul, soon to go to God, is more complex than your neck. The Compassionate One might cleanse it of one killing, never of two. If you kill me, then for all eternity your soul will suffer the pit, sulphurous fires, pestilence."

The inspector leaned heavily on the table. His legs no longer gave support. But he did not collapse until Mohammed Fahay turned the gun against himself. . . .

When Chafik left the café, the woman came to him and timidly touched his arm. Her face was hidden by the fold of the chaddur and she spoke in a humble voice.

"You avenged my man—"

"Only God is vengeance," the inspector told Madame Shaddock.

"What shall I do now?" she asked like a child.

"Pray," said Inspector Chafik. "I, too, am going to pray for your husband. And for the one who killed him."

The understanding night wrapped him in a friendly cloak as he walked away. THE END

“What makes you think he may have fled the country?”

Shadow of the moon

Continued from page 21

city is out there," snapped Alex. "Go on—out by the back and over the bridge. Get into the jungle! It's your only chance. Run!"

He saw Winter's face across the width of the room. She had one arm about Lottie and her eyes were wide and enormous but quite steady. There was a sudden and louder burst of yelling and a crash that told its own tale. Alex ran to the window, took one look, then darted back across the room and flung open the door that led out of the drawing-room and to the back of the house: "Run!"

They ran, picking up screaming children, clapping babies, sobbing and panting, tripping over their wide skirts. Winter said: "Take Lottie, Mrs. Holly," and pushed them out through the door, "you know the way."

She herself stood back, urging the women to speed, and then Alex caught her wrist and was running with her, dragging her.

He pulled her down the steps of the back veranda and, thrusting her ahead of him, said breathlessly: "Over the bridge—quick as you can!" And then he left her.

"Run, damn you!" shouted Alex from the turn of the house. She saw him jerk up his arms and fire and, picking up her wide skirts, she ran as he had told her to: ran after Lottie and Mrs. Holly and a dozen others who were making for the bridge over the nullah.

But they were not all running for the bridge. Many of them checked and turned back, daunted by the glare and the empty spaces and the yelling of the mob; deeming the shuttered house a safer refuge, they ran to hide instead in closets and cupboards and under the frilled valances of beds, locking themselves into darkened rooms and cowering behind the furniture. Others, confused by terror and the blinding sunlight, lost their sense of direction and ran helplessly to and fro like

panic-stricken animals, dodging behind trees and shrubs.

Winter saw Lottie and Mrs. Holly reach the bridge and cross it and run on towards the tangled thickets thirty yards beyond it. Her own wide skirts swayed and swooped and the ground under her thin slippers felt unbelievably hot.

A shriek behind her made her check and turn. It was Delia, running towards her from the direction of the house. Delia's muslin ruffles flared about her like the petals of a huge peony in the wind, and the ribbon had fallen from her hair so that her long chestnut curls streamed out behind her. Her face was a mask of terror and her mouth a screaming square. Men were running behind her, covering the ground with great bounds—two men wearing dirty turbans and scanty garments that were spattered with blood, one of whom had armed himself with a grass-cutter's sickle. His teeth looked astonishingly white in his dark face and he was gaining on Delia rapidly.

This is not happening, Winter thought. Her hand went to the deep pocket in her skirt and she pulled out the revolver and levelled it. But she could not fire, for Delia was directly between her and the pursuing man.

And even as she hesitated, he caught her. A dark, sinewy hand clutched at Delia's curls, caught them and dragged her back. The sickle swept, and Delia's severed head, its mouth still open and its blue eyes wide in terror, remained in the man's hand, dangling by its curls, while her body fell sideways in a foam of gay muslin flounces.

Winter fired and the man tripped and fell. Delia's head, released from his outflung hand, struck the bridge and rolled almost to Winter's feet.

The second man stumbled over the body of the first and fell also, but he pulled himself to his knees. He carried a butcher's knife and there were fresh bloodstains upon it. Winter recognized him as a butcher from the cantonment bazaar, and as he scrambled to his feet she fired again and missed.

And then the gun jammed. The

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**"Do you still wish to wait for
 your friend, Madam?"**

NO, HE WON'T COME. It was silly to pretend that he would. He hadn't been here for a week now. He must have found another restaurant—perhaps he had already forgotten this little place that had meant so much to them both.

It was here they met. It was here, one unforgettable evening, that she had thought he was going to propose. Now she is torturing herself, waiting for the door to open, waiting for the man who will never come here again. She will never know why. He was too shy—too kind, perhaps—to tell her the truth.

It was something so simple. The stale taste in her mouth in the mornings should have told her what it was—bad breath. Against such a handicap, beauty and charm count for nothing. It was this that had destroyed

the love of the man she is waiting for, here in the futile loneliness of a crowded restaurant.

THE TRUTH

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ORANGE · LEMON · GRAPEFRUIT · LIME · ORANGE BARLEY · LEMON BARLEY

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

I ADD variety to my daffodils by growing one or two pink ones. It is quite easy. Scoop out the centres of several large beet-roots and place one daffodil bulb inside each. Plant in the usual way in fibre or soil. Beautiful pink daffodils should then blossom in the spring.—Mrs. H. E. Morris, Whitehurst Street, Allenton, Derbyshire.

When runner beans have finished bearing, do not throw away all the roots. Cut the vines about a foot from the ground and lift the roots out carefully. After washing off the soil and laying the roots aside to dry, pack them in boxes of damp leafmould or sand and keep them slightly moistened in a frost-proof shed. Plant out the roots the following year about the middle of May, and they will

give an earlier and longer crop.—Mrs. B. Long, Chineham, Hants.

PERCY THROWER says: Growing pink daffodils in the way suggested is a new idea to me. It is true that some plants will absorb coloured substances that are soluble in the sap stream. In this case the coloured sap of the beetroot is taken up by the daffodil roots. This is an experiment which I intend to try when I plant my bulbs in September.

The runner bean is normally treated as an annual plant in this country because of our climate. After a very mild winter, I have seen the old roots of runner beans which have been left in the ground begin to grow again. I have never grown them for a second year, but there is no reason why it should not be done successfully.

man ran forward, howling threats and obscenities, and Winter flung the useless revolver in his face. She heard a shot and saw him stagger and fall.

Then Alex appeared, running towards her. He jumped over the sprawled body of the man on the bridge, stooped swiftly to snatch up the fallen revolver, and said breathlessly: "Run. . ."

"No!" gasped Winter, catching the rail, "we can't! Look. . ."

There were screaming women and children in the Residency garden, running across the lawns, blind with terror; dodging like hunted hares while rifles cracked and dark-faced, blood-stained, blood-crazed men pursued them, yelling and laughing.

Alex thrust the revolver into his belt and, gripping Winter's arms, tore her free and dragged her by main force across the bridge and down the path that stretched for thirty yards or so over open ground before entering the narrow arm of jungle that lay between the Residency and the plain.

From behind them they could hear clearly a bedlam of shots and shouts and screams, but they did not appear to have been pursued. There were too many victims in the grounds of the Residency, and a too-alluring prospect of loot, for anyone to bother with chasing the few fugitives who had vanished into the jungle.

Winter was sobbing and struggling. "Let me go! You can't leave them. You can't! You've got a gun. There are children there. Listen to them. . . listen!" She struck at him wildly, trying to break his hold.

Alex slapped her across the face with the flat of his palm. It was a hard blow and it jerked her back against a tree trunk and effectually checked the torrent of words and her rising hysteria.

"I may yet be more use alive than dead," said Alex brutally. "Get those hoops off—quickly!" He stood waiting, breathing quickly and listening, his revolver in his hand.

The pain of the blow made her head ring and Alex's curt voice did not permit of argument.

She pulled up the voluminous poplin skirts and frilled petticoat, and unfastened the hooped crinoline with feverish haste, wincing and gasping at the sound of those distant, appalling screams.

It was easier to move without the hooped skirt, though her dress had to be lifted up to prevent it from trailing on the ground. But her slippers were not made for rough walking and she knew that they would not stand up to it for long.

Something rustled in the shadows, and two women who had been crouching among a tangle of grass and

creepers stood up, white-faced and breathing in short gasps; Lottie and Lou Cottar. And behind them, in a panting huddle on the ground, sat Mrs. Holly.

"Winter!" gasped Lottie. She ran to Winter and clutched her. "I thought. . . I thought. . . what happened? Why did they. . . did they make me run? Why? Why?"

Her voice rose to a scream and Winter, remembering the murderous rabble so short a distance behind them, spoke, frantically: "Hush, Lottie! You must be quiet. Hush, dear!"

"Why? Lottie sobbed. "Why?"

Alex reached out and caught her to him. His eyes were anxious and alert, but his voice was neither. He spoke to Lottie in an entirely matter-of-fact tone that somehow carried complete conviction.

"We have to go to Meerut," he said. "You want to see Edward, don't you? The carriage has broken down, so I am afraid we must walk."

"We were only running to get out of the sun. You would not want to get

ADVICE—5

Never advise anyone to go to war or to marry.

Spanish proverb

sunstroke just as you are going to Meerut, would you? This is a short cut; and you must not make too much noise because. . . because I have a bad headache."

The hysterical tension ebbed from Lottie's body and she lifted her head and smiled her sweet, dazed smile. "I didn't know. I'm sorry. Why, of course I want to see Edward. Mrs. Holly did not tell me that we were going to Meerut—let us hurry."

Alex said quietly: "She'll have to take those hoops off. And you'd better do something about your shoes, or we shan't get far. Tie 'em up with strips off your skirts—we can spare a few minutes. I don't think they'll look for us yet, they have too much to. . ."

He did not finish the sentence, but knelt swiftly to help Mrs. Cottar who was already ripping the frills from her petticoat with quick, unsteady fingers. "You've got a gun, I see. Can you use it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cottar briefly, and sat down to tie the strips of cloth round her shoes, binding them strongly about the ankle. Alex did the same for Lottie, while Winter, having tied her

own slippers with a ruffle torn from her petticoat, coaxed Lottie out of her crinoline and turned to Mrs. Holly, who had not moved.

"Hurry, Mrs. Holly—you must take off your hoops. Let me help you. . ."

"It's no use, dearie," said Mrs. Holly. "I can't go no farther."

Alex pushed Winter to one side and knelt to put an arm about Mrs. Holly.

His hand touched a warm wetness that there was no mistaking; and he saw the grey look on the plump, homely face, and recognized it.

There was a sudden, renewed clamour of shots and shouting from the direction of the Residency and the screaming of someone in intolerable pain, muffled by the distance but still horribly audible in the stillness of the morning. Lottie flinched and began to breathe quickly again, and Mrs. Holly said urgently: "Go on, sir! Make 'em go on. It ain't safe to wait. Get the ladies away. You can't do nothing for me."

Alex laid her back very gently and stood up. He knew that she had no chance. He knew that she might take hours to die, but he had other things to think of, and he had to reach the river.

He swung round on the three white-lipped women who watched him, and said savagely: "Don't stand there! For God's sake get on—quickly." He thrust them ahead of him into the hot, rustling grass and the shadows of the *runi* trees, and did not look back. . .

Two and a half hours later they had covered less than four miles. The intolerable heat, the necessity of forcing their way through high grass and scrub, raging thirst and the unsuitable shoes and garments of the women, combined to slow them down to a mere matter of keeping moving.

Finally they stopped. Lottie lay with her head in Mrs. Cottar's lap and whispered: "Water—please. So thirsty."

Winter and Mrs. Cottar looked at each other and looked away quickly. Their own throats were parched.

It was Winter who said suddenly, watching Alex's grim, exhausted face: "Where are we going? What is it you want to do?"

ALEX opened his eyes and looked at her, his face suddenly bleak. But for her and Lottie and Lou Cottar he could have turned back and tried to get a horse from the stables and make a detour by the plain, and he might still have reached the bridge in time. It was vital to destroy the bridge, to prevent the insurgents crossing it from Lunjore. The Bridge of Boats was the rebels' nearest path to the province of Oudh and the city of Lucknow.

But for the women he could still reach it in an hour. The bridge was ten miles by road, but barely half that through the jungle, and he had gone this way on foot often enough before, though the jungle was thick and there were no paths.

He said in a parched whisper: "I know this jungle. . . it runs to the river. . . there's a ruin. . . use it for hunting. . . mile above the bridge. Put the stuff there. . . weeks ago." He closed his eyes again.

"What stuff? What stuff, Alex?" Winter knelt beside him, shaking him. "Gunpowder," said Alex, without opening his eyes.

"Gunpowder? What for?"

"Blow up the bridge," said Alex.

Across his body Winter's eyes met Lou Cottar's. She had never liked Lou, but now something in the older woman that matched something in herself made a sudden bond between them. They looked at each other for a long moment and it was as if each of them had asked the other a question, and answered it.

Winter looked back at Alex. "How much farther is it?"

"Hm? Oh. . . mile. Get there soon." He moved his shoulders uneasily and dragged himself to his feet.

Winter said with a break in her voice: "Alex, you fool! You should have left us. . ."

Alex said: "You don't know these jungles. You'd have gone round and round in circles until. . ." He

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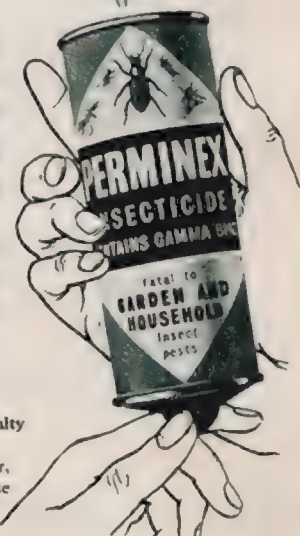
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* TRY CARLSBERG DANISH PILSNER OR CARLSBERG LAGER EXPORT DE LUXE

shrugged his shoulders uneasily and winced with the pain of movement.

"Well, we are all right now. We'll bring Lottie. Go on as quickly as you can, but . . . mark the way. If it's only a mile, we can follow you."

Alex did not argue. . . .

It was almost an hour later that the women saw something loom up out of the tangle of scrub and *sal* trees and bamboo that was not a shadow but a solid wall of creeper-covered stone, and knew that they had reached the end of that day's journey. . . .

The ruin that Alex and Niaz had stumbled across three years ago while tracking a wounded leopard through the jungle had perhaps once been the hunting lodge of some forgotten king, or all that remained of a long-vanished city. Niaz named it the *Hirren Minar*—the Deer Tower—for they found the antlers of a buck in the grass by the threshold.

All that remained was part of a two-storeyed building topped by a low, ruined dome. Thickets of bamboo grew closely about it, and *lantana* and the rank jungle grass smothered the fallen blocks of stone and pressed up between the paving. The stairway to the top storey had fallen centuries ago, and only a gaping hole remained in one corner of the black, bat-haunted ceiling of the single, cell-like lower room.

Hanging from the jagged hole was a serviceable rope ladder, and Winter tugged at it tentatively. It appeared to be quite fast. She started up it rapidly and a minute later she had vanished through the broken aperture.

Presently her head reappeared. "It's all right. Can you get Lottie up? There's water here. There's . . . there's everything!" Her voice broke.

Two rough-and-ready beds, a roll of matting, some tin boxes, an oil lamp and an earthenware *chatti* containing water would not have been considered "everything" a few hours ago. But the world had dissolved under their feet during those hours, and the sight of these homely objects helped in some way to solidify it again.

The water in the *chatti* was warm and stale, and there was not a great deal of it. There was a tin mug, recently used, standing beside it. They watched while Lottie drank, and then drank thirstily but sparingly themselves, and wetted their handkerchiefs in it to cool Lottie's hot body.

"There, darling," said Winter, forcing her voice to placid reassurance. "You'll be all right now. You must rest. We're safe now. Safe. . . ."

Alex and Niaz, meanwhile, were working with feverish haste in the boiling sun, laying charges, tamping and connecting fuses, never certain that the intense heat of the hot wood and the burning metal would not detonate the explosive.

On each bank of the river, in the mud huts that served as toll houses, bound and gagged men wriggled helplessly. The appearance of Alex and Niaz had taken them completely by surprise.

Now, thought Alex, only a few more minutes and the bridge would be destroyed. . . .

"Listen!" said Niaz suddenly. "There are horses on the road!"

Alex leapt to his feet, stood for a moment listening intently, and heard the faint, far-away sound that Niaz had heard. He snatched up the rifle they had collected from the *Hirren Minar* and thrust it at Niaz. "Four more charges and we have done. Hold them off for a little. . . ."

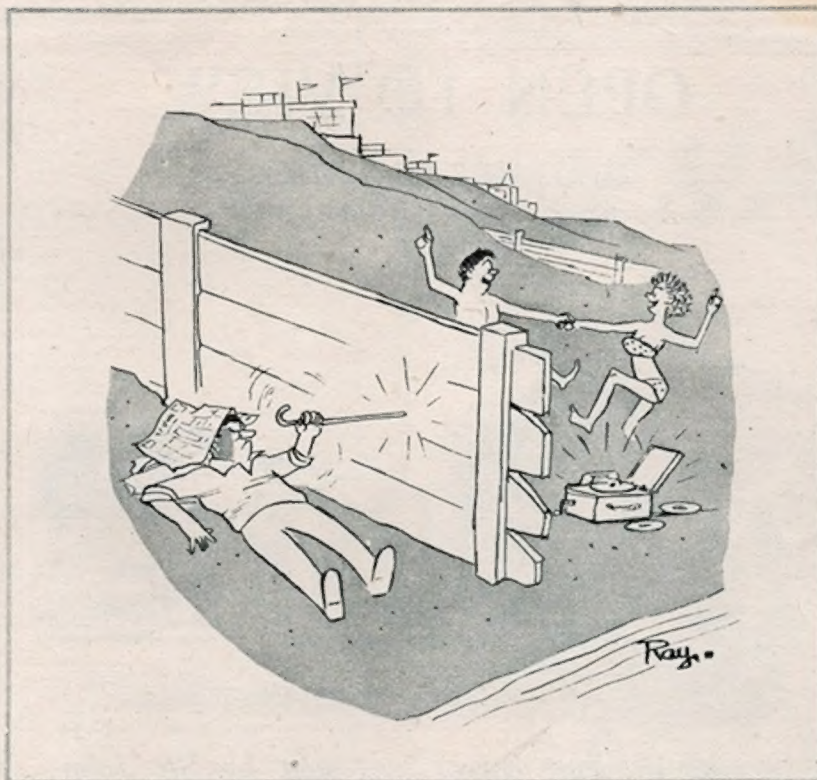
Niaz raced for the bridgehead and Alex bent to the charges again, working with feverish speed.

He must have more time—only a little more time. The noise of the river was astonishingly loud under his feet, and the heat of the iron bands that reinforced the planking burned his hands as though it were red hot.

He heard a fusillade of shots and a bullet sang past his head like a hornet, but still he did not look round.

Niaz reached the toll-house on the near side of the river and, leaping the step of the shallow veranda, unbarred the door and ran to the small window that looked down the Lunjore Road.

There were perhaps twelve or fifteen



riders, sepoys from Lunjore, advancing at a leisurely trot for the bridge. They were either men bringing the news of the rising to the province of Oudh, or an advance party sent to secure the bridge for the main body of the mutineers who would cross later that day to swell the ranks of the malcontents in Oudh.

Niaz waited until they were within range, and then fired, aiming deliberately for the leading horse in order to create the maximum confusion. He saw the horse rear and fall, and the dust rose in a choking cloud as the men drew rein and came to a sudden stop. He reloaded swiftly and fired into the dusty smother, heard the scream of a wounded horse, and saw the riders scatter to each side of the road.

They would not come on for a moment or two, and he fetched the muskets belonging to the police guard that he had piled against the wall out of their reach. With several muskets and Alex's rifle he should be able to save time on loading.

He reloaded the rifle again and watched while the skirmishers at the road's edge conferred together.

Now they will come up under cover on each side of the road, thought Niaz, and remembered with dread that Captain Randall, working alone on the empty bridge, would provide an admirable target. He fired again at random into the jungle just ahead of where the men had entered it, discharging each of the muskets in turn.

There were men now in the jungle opposite, and a bullet entered the open door and ricocheted round the small room. Niaz turned from the narrow, iron-barred window in the end wall and, running to the door, fired into the thick scrub on the opposite side of the road. As he did so something struck his chest and he fell sideways, the rifle jerking from his hand to slide along the floor.

After a moment he came dizzily to his knees and crawled towards the rifle but he could not reach it.

Then he heard the sound of running feet and a crash of shots. Alex leapt the single stone step of the veranda, stumbled over him and, turning, fired his revolver at a man on horseback who rode shouting for the bridge.

The shouting voice stopped as though cut off with a knife and there was the sound of a fall, a clatter of hooves and a brief moment of silence. Then there came the crashing blast of an explosion . . . and another and another that joined together in a single shuddering roar of sound. The glaring day was dark with flying splinters of wood and choked with the scent of cordite and the reek of black powder.

Then the silence slammed down like an iron shutter and the river gurgled

no longer, but ran quiet and unimpeded from bank to bank.

Alex spoke breathlessly into that silence: "Quickly, before they recover—out by the back!"

"I cannot," said Niaz.

Alex whipped round, seeing for the first time that Niaz had not been merely kneeling to fire, but was wounded. He went over, knelt swiftly, and thrust an arm under Niaz, lifting him. He said: "Hold about my neck and I can carry thee."

"No," said Niaz urgently. "This is the end for me. Go . . . and go swiftly, while there is yet time."

Alex looked down at the greying face against his arm and the bright, swiftly spreading stain that soaked the dusty tunic. Pulling back the reddened cloth, he saw that there was nothing that he or anyone could do.

Alex drew his arm away very gently, laying Niaz back. Getting to his feet, he closed and bolted the back door

ADVICE—6

The worst men often give the best advice.

P. J. Bailey

and dropped the shutters across the two windows.

He took up the guns one by one and loaded them methodically. There was an earthenware jar of water in the room and he fetched a brass mug, stepping over the three bound men who lay in a terrified huddle on the floor.

Filling the mug, he brought it to Niaz. He lifted him carefully against his shoulder. Niaz's eyes narrowed in the gloom as he strove to focus him. He drank a mouthful of the water and said again, urgently: "Go!"

"We will go together," said Alex. "Has it not been said that 'death in the company of friends is a feast'?"

A bullet struck the heavy wood of the door and another cracked against the stone. Alex looked down at Niaz and smiled, and Niaz grinned back at him, the old, carefree grin with which he had greeted every chance and mischance through the twelve eventful years they had known each other.

Niaz said, in a clear, strong voice: "It is better this way. It is not good to have a divided heart, and there is that in me which, were it not for thee, would have me follow such men as the Mulvi of Fyzabad."

"We have had a good life, *Sikunder Dulkhan* . . . a good life . . . and though thou art an unbeliever, and therefore hell-doomed, thou hast been

as my brother. Lift me up, brother . . . it will be a good fight. . . ."

Then a rush of blood choked him, pouring from his mouth and dyeing Alex's coat and hands. And he fell back and was still.

Alex picked up Niaz's revolver and loaded the single chamber that had been fired. A rifle, five muskets, two revolvers. A pocketful of ammunition. He might hold them off for an hour. Perhaps a little longer. . . .

There were two string *charpoy*s in the stifling room and he lifted Niaz and laid him on one of them. He pulled down the end of Niaz's *puggaree* so that it covered his face, and folded his hands across his chest. He rose and turned the *charpoy* so that the dead man's head was towards Mecca.

He could not wash as the ritual prescribed, but he rubbed his hands partially clean on his soiled handkerchief, and spoke the words of the *Du'a* over the quiet body; there being no one else who would ever speak them for Niaz. . . .

"May the Lord God, abundant in mercy, keep thee with the true speech; may He lead thee to the perfect path; may He grant thee knowledge of Him and His prophets. May the. . . ."

The murmured words awoke a soft echo in the shuttered, stone-walled room, and when they ceased there was only the buzz of swarms of flies. . . .

It was nearing five o'clock when Alex fired the last round and dropped the useless weapon to the floor.

The heat of the closed stone building was appalling and his head and every muscle of his body ached abominably. The sun was sinking towards the tree-tops and the walls of the room were hot to the touch.

He closed the window shutter again. Hand, sitting down on the *charpoy* beside Niaz, leaned his head against the wall and waited, watching the patch of sunlight from the broken shutter creep slowly across the floor and up the wall.

For a brief moment, he saw Winter's face quite clearly against the rough stone walls of the shadowed room; as clearly as though she had been standing there looking at him with those grave, dark eyes that had seen so little of happiness.

He blinked away the vision almost angrily. He was prepared for death, was ready even to welcome it. He could not rise and fight again. He was too tired.

But the memory of Winter stayed with him now, tormenting, reproaching. And he knew suddenly that he could not let himself be killed without fighting to the end. For her sake, though not for his own, he had to get away; or be killed in the attempt.

He rose to his feet and moved unsteadily to the door. Cautiously he slipped back the bolt and inched the door open. The fringe of the jungle was perhaps thirty yards away. If he could reach it unharmed, he would stand a chance.

He stood tensely, straining his ears for sounds of movement, weighing the position.

As he listened, he heard horses' hooves galloping down the Lunjore road towards the river. Reinforcements? The vanguard of the mutinous regiments on their way to Lucknow? Well, they were in for a disappointment. The Bridge of Boats had gone and they would have to take a long, roundabout route now. The thought creased his face into a hard grin.

Then he heard the horses check some way above the toll-house. This was the moment to make his break—when the attention of the besiegers was likely to be distracted. It was the only chance he would ever get, anyway.

Alex paused for just one deep breath, and then shot through the door like a coiled spring. He cleared the veranda in one bound and, turning, ran for the jungle behind the toll-house.

He heard the uproar break out behind him, and a single shot whistled past his hand. Then he was into the high grass and, turning parallel to the road, was running and stumbling through the thickets of the jungle.

To be continued next week

Opportunity unlimited

Continued from page 11

neat pages of the project book Fred had left behind. "If this boy hadn't been able to nourish his interest, he might still be jumping from pillar to post. I remember the time when, if you asked a boy what he was going to be, all he could think of to say was 'a joiner'—because he did woodwork at school. So here we're trying to widen their horizons and give them real direction."

Such a widening of horizons is all the more desirable because Islington, like a good many other places in Britain, has a very strong parochialism. The boys and girls of, say, Southend will cheerfully travel up to London daily to work in offices; but an Islington boy is apt to turn down an opportunity because it involves a sixpenny bus ride.

To many of the people who inhabit them, these long, busy, rather dreary streets from King's Cross to the Angel, from the Angel to Archway are the whole wide world; some have never been to the City a mile or two away, and the West End appears as remote as the Antipodes.

Fortunately, the streets of Islington shelter an astonishing range of commercial and industrial activities. In fact, says Leonard Archer, a boy or girl rarely needs to go outside them to get the training sought. There are many engineering firms doing subcontracting for the motor industry of Birmingham and Coventry, leather-goods concerns and furniture manufacturers, a large number of garment manufacturers, a major radio and electronics firm.

True, most of the concerns are small or medium-sized; but Archer is a champion of the small firm as an employer. Often, he says, the boss himself will take a keen interest in a boy's progress; and sometimes, when the firm is expanding fast, or has a unique line, or the boss has no one to succeed him, there can be fine opportunities.

And Leonard Archer's world of backstreet opportunity is full of the unexpected. Just then, a dealer in human skeletons, an old family firm with a fine connection with medical schools, was in urgent need of a new recruit; a famous pipe-making firm was anxious for more boys to train in the delicate art of turning pipe bowls; an interview was being fixed for a boy with a firm specializing in mosaic paving; another "customer" was very busy producing cut-out metal signs, in Arabic characters, for the tops of Middle Eastern petrol pumps.

Archer's work is by no means finished with the first placing of the boy or girl. After three or four months he writes to the employer and asks for a report; at the same time, the boy or girl gets a letter inviting him or her to drop in for a chat with the youth employment officer about how things are going.

At these "open evenings" many trifling difficulties which might nevertheless disrupt a boy or girl's progress are ironed out. Often, a boy or girl will be afraid to approach the supervisor about some worry. But the thing comes out in a chat with the youth employment man, and a word or two to the boss on the phone next morning quickly puts things right again.

In fact, says Archer, never before have so many firms given so much attention to the welfare and training of their young workers. More and more are adopting "induction courses," designed to smooth over the jolt from classroom to workshop.

One firm of garment-makers in the area, for instance, now keeps its new entrants in a special corner of the factory; they are on normal production, but they work at new machines under their own particular supervisor. Through a glass partition they can look out over the busy factory floor, while still able to enjoy something of the secure atmosphere of the classroom.

Since the end of the war, over Britain as a whole, more than a hundred industries have adopted carefully

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



A wine-drinking parrot was sent by Sir John from Compton Castle to the Queen of England

IN September, 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was sailing homewards from planting Newfoundland, Britain's first colony. Just north of the Azores his ship, the Squirrel, was lost in a storm.

"We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," Sir Humphrey was heard to cry out shortly before the shipwreck in which he died.

In those last moments, did Gilbert's thoughts turn to Compton Castle—the home of his ancestors—where he had spent his youth, where he had played with his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, and where now his childless brother, Sir John Gilbert, was waiting anxiously for news of him?

Sir John was himself a gallant sailor and Vice-Admiral of Devon.

He played a considerable part in the defence of the country's coastline against the threatening Spanish Armada. There is a letter of his dated 1593 in which he reminded the Principal Secretary of State that he had raised a thousand men at Torbay when "the Spaniards were upon the coast."

Three years later he sent Queen Elizabeth a parrot from Compton as a present. In a letter he gave the Queen instructions how to treat it. It would eat all kinds of meat that were

not salty. It had to be kept warm and after dining liked to nestle in a gentlewoman's ruff. In the afternoon it would take bread or oatmeal and drink claret wine.

The letter ends: "Surely if he be well taught he will speak anything."

On Sir John's death his nephew, the eldest son of Sir Humphrey, succeeded him at Compton.

The earliest parts of the present castle date from the fourteenth century and the latest from Henry VIII's reign. Encompassed by massive grey walls of granite with few windows at their base, with a portcullis and a parapet for defence, it was meant to withstand any sudden emergency.

The family lived there till about 1800, when the castle was sold.

In 1930 a direct descendant, Commander Walter Raleigh Gilbert, himself a sailor, was able to buy it back. He found it a ruin, carefully restored it and now lives in it. In 1951 he gave Compton to the National Trust.

How to get there: Compton Castle is four miles west of Torquay (W.R.). **Open:** Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 10 till 12, 2 till 6 or till dusk if earlier.

devised training schemes. The number of young workers released to attend day continuation or technical schools in working time one day a week has risen from 42,000 prewar to 355,000 today.

These opportunities, unfortunately, are by no means always grasped.

Atom age, jet age and the age of automation notwithstanding, our exports must continue to depend considerably for many years on the traditional crafts for which Britain has long been famous. Some of them are to be found in Islington. There is, for instance, not far from Pentonville Prison, the very up-to-date factory of H. and M. Rayne, manufacturers of high-quality ladies' footwear, shoe-makers to the Royal Family.

I stood, one afternoon, on the upper

floor of Rayne's factory and watched a "clicker"—one of the élite of the shoemaking craft—cutting out uppers from baby crocodile skins. Java crocodile skins cost thirteen shillings an inch, so mistakes can come expensive. Yet, in making high-quality shoes, the uppers must be cut so that the "scales" on the skin will match up as a pair in size and pattern, and so that the general effect will be pleasing. A clicker may have to look over twelve skins to find one good pair of uppers; yet waste must be kept to a minimum. Obviously, no robot can replace the craftsman's judgment here.

Leather, it was made clear to me, as I stood watching the clickers at work at their benches, is a living and highly idiosyncratic thing. Every piece is

different. The clicker must have the sort of craftsman's confidence and decision which, they say, takes at least five years of steady training to acquire.

Two benches in front, a young trainee, working alongside a full-blown clicker, was cutting out linings. A postman's son from Hornsey secondary modern school, Brian Bremner had started in, three years ago, stamping the size-numbers on newly cut uppers. That way he had got the feel of the many different leathers and fabrics.

Then he had learned the art of sharpening the clicker's short, curving knife, an instrument as vital to his craft as a scalpel to the surgeon's. It takes a long time to get used to the feel of that knife in the hand; to develop the strength and suppleness of wrist to give perfect control.

Now Brian Bremner had reached the status of an "improver." Soon he would be cutting linings on piece-work, making £7 or £8 a week. In another two years he would graduate as a clicker, making around £15.

At first, in accordance with the official training scheme, he had gone two half-days a week in the firm's time to the technical classes at the Cordwainers Technical College. He'd kept it up for three years—with another two to go to his National Certificate. But all the other trainees, at their own insistence, had given this up; so now he too was no longer going to the classes.

In Norwich, said John Foster, the works manager, the shoe manufacturers had actually made this technical school attendance a condition of acceptance for trainees. But it was no good: now they dare not enforce it, or their learners would leave them.

He shook his head: "You can take the horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." Yet for the properly qualified ambitious young man, this progressive, expanding industry is full of opportunity.

BUT, pulled this way and that by all the distractions of the 1950s, many boys and girls need a great deal of care and encouragement if they are to make the necessary effort. As the woman personnel manager of another Islington factory said to me: "It's no good just saying: 'Oh, we can't do anything with these young people today.' We just have to do something with them."

"My young trainees are always coming in to me and pleading: 'Do we still have to keep on going to continuation school. Please, can't we be excused?' Well, if I tried to force them to go, they'd just go around the corner and get another job, at perhaps a few shillings more."

"I give them all the encouragement I can. I try to keep them interested, to make them see it. In the end, one can make something of most of them."

With over thirty years of experience of young workers behind him, Leonard Archer laughs at the idea that "young folk today are going to the dogs." Certainly, he says, there are some chronic job-changers, a terrible nuisance to all concerned, but they're a tiny minority, generally either mentally subnormal, emotionally unstable or from unsatisfactory homes.

"The vast majority . . . including some of the so-called Teddy Boys . . . are only too anxious to find good jobs and settle down."

One fault, however, he does find. "Young people today just have no patience. So many of them seem to feel that if they haven't learned all there is to know about a job in a couple of weeks, it's just no good at all."

Yet the same vast social and technological changes that have bred this very restlessness in today's youth have at the same time opened up for it almost boundless opportunities. In Britain in 1956 managements everywhere, on all levels, are eagerly, almost desperately, in search of young persons of initiative, ambition and staying power.

For the boy or girl who has what it takes the prospect has never been brighter.

NEXT WEEK: Modern industry chooses its new apprentices

HE WON £500 for a FEW WORDS...

A CIVIL servant who takes a keen interest in *Bullets* is Mr. W. J. Burnside, 6 Northland Avenue, Londonderry. Following dozens of smaller prizes, a recent Wednesday telegram announced him £500 First Prize-winner. "It's the thrilling realization of a dream!" he told us.

If you post your coupon below by Monday, July 23, the thrilling realization of your dream can be £1,250 for a few minutes' thought!



"This is almost unbelievable," he said

YOU CAN WIN £1,250!

Most meritorious of the £300 First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,045, 2,046, 2,047 and 2,048 wins £1,250 cash—the First Prize cheque plus Tournament Award.

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 Special Prizes each value 10s., 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards.

LARGER LUXURIES as BONUS—see coupon

THIS WAY TO £1,250

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Sunnier World
Place For Us
In Poverty Street
Coal
Those Planners
Cyprus Demands
Woman With A Basket
A Good Job
Holiday At Shrimington
Lots Of Fun

Way Youth's Going
That Old Crock
Sparkling
Terrorist Alfie
The Hungry Sea
All Out
Hot On The Scent
The Dog Next Door
At The Local
His Pride And Joy

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Story To..... Show Them Our..... And
..... Policy Sign Of A.....
A Tip For..... Should Be..... Enough

EXAMPLE	16d.
BULLET	
EX.	16d.
B.	
EX.	16d.
B.	
EX.	16d.
B.	
EX.	16d.
B.	

FOOD EXTRAS

Grand chest of 20 larger luxuries to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,048

Closing Postmark
MONDAY, JULY 23
Signed.....
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.
Address.....
Value.....
No.....

GET YOUR NEW 4-in-1 "BULLETIN"

Stick 2½d. stamp on this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) for the new 4-in-1 "Bullets" *Bulletin*, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,049, 2,050, 2,051 and 2,052.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

STICK
2½d.
STAMP
here for
"Bulletin"

838

NEXT WEEK: THRILLING NEW "£1,000-PLUS" OFFER!

Chief Winners No. 2,043

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Month of Surprises: D. Lawton, 17 Eastwood Road, Tetherdown, London, N.10:

Hit For Six
By "Hesitant Snicks"—
Opportunity

£50: Mrs. C. Eckersall, 37 Thursfield Street, Salford, Lancs: HOLIDAY I'D LIKE—UNLIKELY—So Liking HOLIDAY!
£25: W. F. Howell, 10 West Cottages, West Street, Southend-on-Sea: THE SCAPEGOAT—AFTER COLONIZING'S DONKEY-WORK, "LION"!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. B. Brown, 34 Shakespeare Street, Watford, Herts: FINALE I'D LIKE—"GOOD SHOW!" "WELL DONE!"
£9: S. Slaughter, 10 Eaton Road, Sutton, Surrey: THAT SOAP-BOX "LIMOUSINE"! £8: R. H. Gadd, 35 Jessica Road, London, S.W.18: IN RUSSIA NOW—NO DICTATOR—BY Order! £7: D. T. Wilkins, 61 Upper Bristol Road, Weston-super-Mare: IF I RAN TV—MILLION NEW GUN LICENCES? £6: G. A. Green, 4 Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs: HANDY-MAN DAD—FIXED CURTAINS—DRAW VEIL! £5: Mrs. A. Burrows, 6 Mill Lane, Stambbridge, Rochford, Essex: SAGGING AT THE KNEES—HEAVY-WEIGHT, CLUTCHING TAX DEMAND! £4: Mrs. G. Grevatt, 2 Sitwell Place, Sheffield: PAY, PAY, PAY AND—ELEVEN DAYS HOLIDAY LEFT!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" *Bulletin*. 75 Special Awards and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed: Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 4, for early news of No. 2,048 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,048, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).



"Just look at that awful hair. Who'd want to be seen out with him!" But if your scalp's short of natural oils, your hair's bound to be untidy, dull and dandruffy. That's Dry Scalp.



THERE'S ONLY ONE sure way to check Dry Scalp. Massage a few drops of Vaseline Brand Hair Tonic into your scalp for 20 seconds every morning.

This unique blend of pure, natural oils, containing no spirit or other drying ingredients, quickly supplements the scalp's natural oils, helps oil-starved roots—checks that Dry Scalp.

Result? Hair looks naturally handsome, stays well-groomed all day!



2/10, or 4/2 for double the quantity

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT CHECKS DRY SCALP

* Registered trade mark

8934-3

Enjoy a satisfying meal
with A. Agosti's special recipe for

Plaice Belle-Meuniere

Easy to prepare: Salt and pepper the plaice. Pass through flour lightly. Fry in oil for 6 to 8 minutes. (Important: make sure that the oil is hot before frying so as to make the fish a golden brown.) When cooked, garnish with soft roes, tomatoes, mushrooms and lemon. Just before you serve, cover the entire dish with butter melted to a nut brown and add dashes of lemon juice and chopped parsley.



A. Agosti—head chef at the Ivy, one of London's most distinguished fish restaurants, and a former Secretary of the Italian Cookery Society—has been 40 years in the kitchens of some of Europe's most famous eating-places.



Buy Fish Tomorrow!

THE CHEAPEST FIRST-CLASS FOOD MONEY CAN BUY!